

DRUMMER

ISSUE 122

4⁹⁵

Cigar Studs:

plus
tons of Tough Customers

photos from

Jim Wigler

Old Reliable

fiction by

Fledermaus

Max Woodrum

CIGARS

Beirut, part 2

Aaron Travis' adventure continues...

Animals

fiction from

Mark Thompson



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NOTICE

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YOUR RIGHTS TO READ AND VIEW
WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE ARE UNDER ATTACK
BY THE U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

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COVERS

Dennis Patterson
photos by Jim Wigler



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music he hears, however measured
or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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OFF THE TOP

Barrus Resigns

I regret having to announce that Tim Barrus has resigned as Associate Editor. I was quite pleased with many of the improvements he had made in the magazine and with many of his plans for the future. However, he became quite concerned about Justice Department persecution of publishers of erotica and decided to sever his relationship with Desmodus, Inc.

Dukakis Wins (I hope)

As this is being written, the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November is still a couple of weeks away. As you read it the decisions will have been made. In the presidential column this is definitely one of those times I'd prefer to vote "None of the Above". However, I do hope that most people will not make that choice but will vote for Dukakis. The governor of Massachusetts has definitely not been a good friend of Gays. However, when I think of the men (and the masculine is probably correct) Bush would likely appoint to judgeships, I shudder.

Retention of a Republican administration is likely to leave us with a Justice Department largely staffed and trained by Ed Meese. And the anti-porn,

anti-gay, anti-sex crusade they are planning is just beginning. Together with the conservative federal judges appointed over the last eight years, an unchanged Justice Department bodes for grim times ahead. I will be voting Democratic. I hope enough others do too.

NYC Reads

Several months ago I announced that we had lost our major distributor in the New York area. We are receiving frequent letters from men who complain that they can't find our magazines on the newsstands. I have several suggestions:

The first, of course, is SUBSCRIBE! A subscription will guarantee that you get every issue. I do warn you that a bulk mail subscription will take anywhere from one to four weeks to reach you, with two to three weeks being normal. That means it will be on the newsstand a week or two before you get your copy in the mail. Sorry, UPS delivery to newsstands is much more efficient than is the post office delivery to your home. All magazines go out of our offices within five days of receipt, but the wholesale orders must go first so we have room to work on the subscriptions. A first class mail subscription is considerably quicker delivery. Of course if your problem is that

you can't find Drummer on the newsstands, you are not going to be bothered by the fact that you will be seeing it on the newsstands before your subscription copy arrives.

We do now have several smaller distributors serving the northeast including the New York City area, and our wholesale shipments to the region are now up to about 75% of what they used to be. If your favorite newsstand doesn't have it, ask for it. Let them know you want it. If their own distributor does not carry it they can order directly from us (and get a better rate too).

We sell direct to several outlets in New York City. These include The Moose, A Different Light Bookstore, The Pleasure Chest, The Leather Man, SLR Merchandising, and Village Candy. A Different Light usually stocks recent back issues as well as the current issues.

Recent Events

The 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals, Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno XVII, NLA's Living in Leather III, and the recent meetings of SSCA's Interim Steering Committee have all produced good news that we will be reporting on in future issues of Drummer, DM and the Guardian.

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane

play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of Drummer, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in Drummer, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

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Anal Pleasure & Health



ANAL PLEASURE & HEALTH

In these days of doubt and fear it is always a pleasure to find a book that gives positive, sound, research-based information on anal sexuality while dispelling the myths. It is commonly believed that people who regularly enjoy sensual or erotic anal stimulation inevitably run a greater risk of developing medical problems. The belief is that one must choose—either anal pleasure or anal health. For many, the strength of this conviction has been intensified even further by the AIDS crisis.

However, in spite of AIDS, it is still possible to enjoy anal stimulation in a self-affirmation and healthful way. To do so requires challenging the anal taboo, a deeply ingrained, unquestioned prohibition against becoming intimately familiar with the anal area and its erotic potential.

In *Anal Pleasure & Health*, the reader will discover that there is no inherent conflict between anal pleasure and anal health. On the contrary, a person who wishes to expand his/her capacity for enjoying anal stimulation is advised to take virtually the same steps as the person who desires optimum anal health.

Dr. Morin covers such forbidden topics as anal self-exploration, locating and exercising anal and pelvic muscles, stress and tension release through anal stimulation, proper douching and lubrication techniques, physiological aspects of "fisting," confronting the taboos concerning feces, homophobia and masculine/feminine roles, oral-anal stimulation (rimming) and even suggestions on finding a sympathetic physician.

Now in its second edition, *Anal Pleasure & Health* contains full research data, bibliography, and an entirely new section on common medical problems of the anus and rectum which includes a comprehensive discourse on AIDS and coping with the crisis. Dr. Morin's research has shown that both anal pleasure and health are not particularly difficult for most people to attain when they are given adequate information, a sequence of simple recommendations and a little encouragement—all of which can be found in *Anal Pleasure & Health*.

Anal Pleasure & Health

by Jack Morin, Ph.D.

\$9.50+\$1.50 S&H

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Chrome Ass Eggs (pair)	\$65.00	
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MALE CALL

COMING OUT IN LEATHER

I am a twenty-one-year-old male and am able to live out my closeted leather lifestyle as an adult caring for another man or being abused by one, it's up to me to decide.

I wonder just how much of a leather lifestyle I will have or even if I'll get the balls to go to a leather bar, what few there are in Oregon let alone the United States. I've contemplated writing to some of the motorcycle clubs wondering if they'd laugh at me if I asked them as a brother or a young virgin scared to come out.

I've even hesitated writing you guys but you are by far the "top"est notch of leather magazines that deal with situations of my kind.

Just how many other guys out there 21-100 find it hard to come out in leather? I wonder if they feel as I do when I say I'm afraid to be laughed at and getting mixed up in such a scary color as black; it really is mindboggling to be so damned mixed up!

I wish I could get the courage to go up to a leather guy and say, "I'd really like to be your friend." Sex might come in time if it came at all, but would I get laughed at? Please help me, I am scared to death of the future . . .

KR/Portland, OR

Coming out is a process. It happens when we're ready for it to happen; not before. Whether you're coming out in leather or whether you find leather after you come out the reality is that it's rarely easy. For anyone. As I read through the mountain of mail that arrives at *Drummer's* doorstep on a daily basis I note that the most commonly echoed theme from readers seems to be: tell me that I'm not alone. You are not alone. Feeling scared is part of the process and perfectly normal. So is being laughed at—the best kind of laughter being based in our (healthy) ability to laugh at ourselves because we are secure in terms of being comfortable with who we are. Coming out in leather can also be an experience filled with support, sexual sustenance, and fundamental inevitable growth.

—TPB

ZZ DRUMMER

You magazine boys sure outdid yourselves again with *Drummer 119*—Bears and Mountain Men. WOW! At last a

Drummer for men like me. You'll never know how long I've been waiting to read something like what Tim Barrus says about the eroticism of bigger men and how men such as myself are sexual and sensual and who gives a fuck if somebody doesn't like big! It's so fucking right! It's about time somebody had the balls to say all of this for the first time in print. Why can't people see that bearded men of my size and shape are sexy in our own way. Thank you for showing me that I am not alone. I waited so long for that issue to come out. I'm a ZZ Top type—picture enclosed—and you'd



never believe all of the mean spirited things that over the years I've had to put up with from people who are obsessed with thin. My straight friends can't believe I'm gay and my gay friends all want me to cut my beard and change my shape so I can look just like them. But I am me. And it comes in a great big sexy package. Too many people judge the book by what it looks like before they read what's inside which is where it counts. *Drummer* has become one very sticky very serious very wet wet dream!

MD/Rootstown, OH

HARDBALLING KNOCKOUT!

As of late *Drummer* keeps getting better and better with every issue. Versus

worse and worse with every issue. For a time things were touch and go. It's obvious that Barrus and Fledermaus care about the magazine (as those of us who've been loyal leather readers over the years do) and they're putting their money where their mouths are which is rare and appreciated. It's been a long time in coming but you finally seem to be "getting it." For the first time in ages *Drummer* is giving me a big old hard-on! I am most anxious to see your issue on cigars; I'll bet if you keep up the trend you're going to have the most exciting gay magazine in existence. *Drummer 118* is a hardballing knockout! From the rubber firstperson biography, the accompanying photos, everything reached out and grabbed this leatherman good!

The glossy paper and color photography made a big difference, too. Until I read your notes on the editorial changes I would have sworn those photos were all first-time printings, their impact was so strong. The face-up boots were my kind of prurient interest. Again, thanks for celebrating masculine sensuality in such an artistic yet earthy way. It's about goddamn time.

SC/Detroit, MI

EVERY TASTE, EVERY KINK, EVERY POINT OF VIEW

Drummer magazine during its heyday always did keep a lot of us leathermen on our toes—every month it used to be something of an event when *Drummer* came out just to see what outrageous fiction you had and there used to be something for every taste, every kink, every point of view. *Drummer* was unique. There was nothing like it and there still isn't. In the old days you could get off reading *Drummer* before you got to the middle of the magazine!

Then for awhile there, you were losing it and losing it badly (everything got muddy and smudged and there wasn't anything worth reading except for the ads and not everyone gets off on ads because they have a tendency toward fantasy and some leathermen like me want the real thing if you know what I mean NOT a fantasy and even the fiction I like best doesn't read like fantasy it has to read real like the Indian in *Trucker's Trophy* and I knew an Indian like that, was he ever hot just like in the story, maybe it was the Indian I knew! if you want to know the barefaced naked

truth. You went through a long period, *Drummer*, where you just didn't seem to care about what turned us on or what made us think anymore.

When *Drummer* came out it put everyone to sleep. At least for a good portion of the last year, anyway. Bad photos and if you think you were really exploring what a fetish was supposed to feel like, well . . . It sucked. You were skimming the surface. It looked lazy. Other leathermen I know said *Drummer* was dead (some are still saying it). But not me because maybe I'm too optimistic by nature. I like to hope for the best. I like to hope that in time things will change, that we will get past this health crisis, that we can hang onto something worthwhile like *Drummer* and now I know that you are changing for the better. This is a good sign. I knew and I told all my leather brothers you'd eventually come back to us and you have! I even like the fact that you allow room for controversy. It makes me want to read the magazine and not miss a single word! Once again, I am your staunchest fan.

Let's not have a return to issues where you leave me feeling as if I'd just swallowed a horse-sized sleeping pill. I was your most loyal fan. I've never written to *Drummer* before for any other magazine because I don't care about any of the other pretty boy magazines and I don't often buy them unless some hunk in leather turns me on but now I have to write because with your new changes in direction and improvements I am no longer comatose by the time I get to page 2. You keep my interest and my cock UP! In fact, with the last few issues you seem to be recapturing some of the old raw sex magic. These days by the time I get to page 2 my cock is straining at the gate!

Beyond the obvious old-fashioned leathersex which you now seem to have finally brought back into the scheme of things you are including subjects that make me feel and think, something the other gay rags try to do but as far as I'm concerned they never accomplish it well because they're all written by twinks, for twinks, about twinks. *Drummer* is about something else. Or at least it used to be.

You at long last seem to be headed in the right direction and this is one old-fashioned never-say-die leatherman who is keeping his fingers crossed that you'll keep doing what you're doing and not slip back to a return to the days when everything felt like we'd read this or seen much of the material before. Don't get mad. Get better and better. Even if we hadn't read the material or seen it before in a previous issue of *Drummer* often it felt like it had been there before. You have to know the truth. *Drummer* is too important to let it slip down like that which is why I'm taking the time to let

you know how one person has reacted to what you are trying to do—put out the best leather magazine in the world! Your editorial by your new Associate Editor about the challenge is to reach in all honesty made me cry. I recently lost a lover and felt so numb because I am not good with words and I didn't know what to say or what to feel and it was very helpful to read the words in *Drummer* that knew what to say and expressed what I was feeling but was not good at writing down or putting into words. You were there when I needed you. Yes, the challenge is to reach.

Please, please, *Drummer* keep up the new good work and the new changes. You'll never know how many times when faced with loneliness and frustration I've turned to *Drummer* and somehow just reading about leathermen and leathersex brings me to a deep sense of who I am; tells me that I'm okay at times when I really need to hear it. So HEAR THIS! Thanks for not giving up! Thanks for caring enough to find new ways to turn me on (I thought for a time I could never be turned on again and it is so good to know it isn't true) and you have turned me on proving that the old dog still has some breath left in him. Rubber issue 118 made me cum in my waders. Mountain men issue made me start thinking about my old sex daddy which lead me to thumb through the daddy issue which made me cream right on the cover, something I've never done before but fully expect to do again when I read your tits issue so let's not disappoint. You're more important—at least to this leatherman—than you will ever know.

With all of the current health struggle and paranoia going on in our community it's as if we've forgotten what hot sex and hot leathermen who are really leathermen and not tourists posing are all about. I appreciate being reminded. I need to be reminded. Leathersex is not dead. If fear occasionally keeps me from away from actual human contact at least I now once again have *Drummer* around with some life in its belly to seduce me with action fiction (can a leatherman who's never written a sex story enter your Rex contest, I'd like to try!) to keep me hard with your (finally!) great photography, and to let me know that my leather brothers are out there just like me even if I can't always see them.

The new *Drummer* has been worth the wait but don't make me wait like that again in frustration if you lose your spark. Next time you lose it you lose it forever. The bad part will be that you will have lost it for leathermen at a time when we really need your strength. Keep up the good leather work and all the cocks you are creaming with the new *Drummer*.

TD/Chicago, IL



I light up. A long, black cigar, selected with care. I inhale the rich smoke and slowly release it. Clenched between my teeth, framed by beard and mustache, or held in my hand, it's a part of me, as it has been for 25 years.

Twenty-five years ago, standing nervously in a drugstore checkout line with a pack of cheroots, I was a 16-year-old sensing that he was about to fulfill something while at the same time about to embark on something. My throbbing cock was trying to tell me something. Within an hour I had slipped on the pair of black leather gloves and lit up my first cigar and released all the mysterious pleasures of leather, cigar smoke and ejaculation—with their own distinct aromas mingling.

Smoke—fetishes—the essentials of this man's sexual satisfaction. Today, I'm a thousand miles away from that drugstore and the fear of being "found out." I'm dressed in total uniform—and I'm smoking longer, blacker, better cigars. Or long, dark cigarettes. Younger men and older men stare and wait their turns. The boy asks to be taught, the older man to be taunted. I cup my cigar over the boy's mouth and order him to breathe. He becomes my suck slave: he handles my rod the way I handle my cigar. The man who could be my Daddy begs me to bind and gag him. He groans as my cigar brushes against his nipples and my glove tightens its grip on his cock. When the gag comes off, he too will find his place on his knees and begin sucking. And I'll continue sucking, too, on my cigar.

Fetish Feature

So our readers and contributors can plan ahead, we list upcoming special topics of future issues. Check the schedule below and send us your stuff. Fiction, major articles and major photo spreads (Deadline 1) must be received well in advance of the deadline for Tough Customers. Club news, classified ads and other shorter pieces (Deadline 2).

Issue	Fetish Feature	Deadline 1	Deadline 2
#124	Bodybuilders	Too Late	Nov. 1
#125	Bikers	Oct. 1	Dec. 1
#126	Discovery	Nov. 1	Jan. 1

Stogie sex



by Max Woodruff

art by Morgan

A

nother night at The Trestle

The city of Dallas has seen several other "leather" bars open in the last twelve months. At least they call themselves that. But after the initial curiosity wears off, the "men" who remain seem to be wearing leather costumes, not clothing. So even though the crowds at The Trestle have thinned, you keep coming back, partly because of who's there, but mostly because it was the first bar where you really felt at home.

There is an additional incentive tonight in particular—it's Cigar Night. They designate one of these about once every four or five weeks. And even though the guys who do come out usually smoke their cigars any other night they're in the bar, you can't keep yourself away. The ultimate symbols of manhood: cigars, leather, bikes, a beard or mustache, combined in a man who has the character and intensity to go with those things, the hope (fear) that you might find such a man keeps you coming back.

You light your own cigar, fairly large compared to what one would normally see on the street, very dark, strong, rich. Nearby lounge bimbos in pink polos and just-coiffed hair sniff, making faces you'd expect to see on a society matron when she sips champagne that's been on ice a few minutes too long, and swish with their cigarettes and their wine coolers to another room. The cigar confuses, with your beard, leather and the look in your eyes, you often attract bottoms, and you enjoy the confusion. Besides you've been known to top a man every now and again. But that is definitely not what you're looking for tonight. Most of the boys who wait for confirmation from you recognize their intrusion, one approaches and begins a conversation that lasts a moment. He is turned on by your cigar, and he accepts one when you offer it. After his cigar is lit and going,

you excuse yourself for another beer.

You spot a few other cigar men in the bar, one outside on the patio, all familiar to you, none with what you need. You draw hard on yours and send a billowing cloud of the almost sweet, intensely masculine smell rolling over your vest, down to the crotch of your jeans. You become absorbed in yourself and your cigar, watching the smoke, knowing you're being watched, by some with desire, with admiration, or contempt. One man is watching you, feeling a combination of all three, with a few other impulses. He is out of your peripheral vision, having crossed the threshold of the patio and immediately seated himself some time ago.

In a heartbeat's time, this man is less than a foot away in front of you. He has taken your cigar from your hand and clamped it between his teeth. And now he tips your head back with a handful of hair so that you can see his face. He seems huge, but you're not sure if that's because you're sitting, or because he shocked the hell out of you, or because he really is big. All three are true, you eventually find out. He wears a grime cap with a Harley patch, a short brown beard and a long mustache. His hair is dark blond and unusually short, but it's almost ragged and an inch past military regulation. His eyes are light—you can't tell the color in the dark, but you can see them staring through any attitude you were trying to push. You know he's wearing jeans and chaps because that was the first thing you saw while he was taking away your cigar.

But as soon as you see those eyes, you knew. This man is going to hurt you. He is going to hurt you, humiliate you, break you. If you want to stay in control, to protect yourself, you know you'd better get up now and just step around him. That would be the easiest move—to avoid the whole scene and relieve the incredible fear that's exploding in the pit of your stomach.

You've never liked things easy.

A stronger need asserts itself, and you relax your muscles a bit, so that I feel the control I've just taken.

I exhale a pillow of thick cigar smoke that comes to rest over your face, floating between it and my belly. You close your eyes and commit yourself mentally inside; you've submitted.

"Leave your car here. Follow me." I walk to the door that leads back into the bar and turn back to where you're sitting as I open it. Even at 20 feet, you feel the heat from my eyes as they burn through you. You haven't moved, except to let your mouth drop open in awe. Whether that's for your inability to believe your good fortune, or your awe at what you believe is my incredible ego, I can't be sure. But I have my suspicions.

You are with me in the living room of my home. I'm wearing that same t-shirt with the short sleeves rolled up, and a leather jock, nothing else. You are, of course, nude, except for a cock and ball harness.

I lay you down on your back, cuff your hands over your head, and attach the cuffs to a chain that's attached to a screw hook in the wooden front piece of the mantle. I adjust the chain so that your shoulder blades are raised barely above the floor, just enough to be uncomfortable and to immobilize you well. You can't imagine what is about to happen. All you can see on the table near the couch where I'd been are my cigars, a box of wooden kitchen matches, a black tallow burning slowly, a jar of vaseline, a grayish strip of cloth, and a large ashtray. As you're taking this in and trying to make some sense of it all, you watch as I move my half-smoked cigar (I finished yours before we left my car) from between my fingers to between my teeth and clamp it tight on the right side of my mouth. Even half-smoked it's nearly five inches long, though it looks bigger because of its full inch in diameter. Then I pick up the strip of cloth and move behind you. You hear me sit on the brick fireplace seat, and my hands whip the cloth in front of your face and over your eyes. The cloth pulls tighter, and you close your eyes so it won't bind them open. And now you feel genuine fear. There seems to be some kind of control in being able to see what's happening to you, even if you're powerless to stop it. Now you've lost that last rope to hang on to.

You hear me get up, and I rattle your chain as I pass. I'm fumbling with something on the table, then the matches rustle in their box. You feel me take a seat behind you. Without warning I grab a handful of your beard and pull your jaw open. I keep my hold while I place one of my old, juicy cigar butts from the ashtray in your mouth, then I close your jaw so that your teeth grip it where mine once did. You moan a bit from the tremendous feeling this act gives you. It's almost comforting enough to make you forget the fear the blindfold brings. A match is struck, and you suck hard, reflexively, on the cigar before I bring the match near it. I smile, unseen, reminding myself of your helplessness. You taste tar, but it's wonderful because it was once mine. I stroke your head and tell you to slow down—that two-and-a-half inches of butt has to last you a while. "But DON'T let my cigar go out, boy."

Then you can tell I'm moving back in front of you, settling myself on the floor between you and the table. I am cooing to you, telling you soothingly that you're going to be fine, that it's gonna be tough, but that I know you can do it for me. You hear movement but you can't tell where or what. Then you feel your right nipple warming a bit, slowly. You feel the ash of my cigar brushing against your tit, flaking off, the heat of each ash flake just beginning to singe your flesh before cooking in the surrounding air.

You try very hard to hold still, but you can't help squirming a bit, not because you don't enjoy the pain, but because you're afraid that at some point you may not enjoy it, or that I'll leave you alone to suffer it, without my voice to assure, my hands to comfort, my cigar to soothe.

The heat at your nipple becomes increasingly intense as the actual burning core of my cigar moves closer to your flesh. The heat is accumulative. Your breathing has quickened considerably, your mouth sucks hypnotically on the second-hand cigar, beads of perspiration glisten on your forehead in the firelight. The cigar and the pain are making you light-headed. But the only sensation, the only thought in your mind is burned there, and that is that the red-hot tip of my cigar must, by now, be burning your skin, melting it, blackening it. The blinding pain you feel can indicate nothing else. Then just before you lose control of the scream that's been building in your gut for the last minute, the heat is gone. The pain is not, but it gradually lets up. Slowly, every muscle in your body relaxes, your breathing becomes more normal, and you sigh in thick, strong clouds of cigar smoke.

But before you finish sighing, your body convulses and you gasp, nearly inhaling the red-hot cigar butt. Without a sound I've taken the black candle and turned it parallel to your chest, about two inches above your nipple. You've reacted to the first drop of liquid heat as it seeps into your tender flesh, completely cutting off any cooling by the surrounding air that was taking place. The heightened sensitivity caused by the cigar has made the hot wax unbearable—you squeeze your eyes shut hard, your teeth close hard on your master's cigar, and you kick uncontrollably, grazing me with a knee in the process. I nearly drop the candle on your chest, but maintain control. It's partly my fault for not having bound your legs in the first place, but that's no excuse. Within seconds of your contacting me, I have switched the candle to my left hand. Then I slap you hard across the left side of your jaw. Then just as quickly I grip your stiff cock and balls tight and yank them out toward your feet, the pain making little variously colored dots of light appear inside your eyelids.

"Move like that again and I'll beat the shit out of you. Or I'll take my cigar, my attention, and my love and go find a man who's worthy of them all. Understand?"

"Yes sir, I'm sorry sir," you answer around your cigar, near tears with the terror that thought brings you. After you've answered, I release my hold on your cock and balls, and you begin to relax somewhat again.

I remove the still but not yet cold puddle of wax from your sore tit, and there's some relief, but this only makes you wonder what torture your nipple will have to endure next. And you don't have long to wonder, within seconds I've attached an alligator clamp to the tender flesh, just a little tighter than is necessary and you writhe in the agony you feel from your tortured tit.

But because it will take several minutes for real pain to manifest in that tit, I begin the same process on the other, with the knowledge of what is going to happen causing you a little less fear, but even more dread. I spend a few minutes heating the nipple with my cigar, covering it with ashy snow in the process. Every now and again I reach over to give the clamp a little extra punishing squeeze, your wincing in reaction unseen because of the blindfold (and irrelevant for the time being). When I can tell you're near the breaking point again, I put my cigar back in my mouth, and it reminds me of yours. You've had to maneuver your cigar to a tenuous hold between your front teeth, there's so little left of it. I rub your stomach soothingly and tell you what a good boy you are, how proud of you I am so far, and take the smoldering butt from your lips.

"Thank you, sir," is all you can manage, but it's enough.

"Would you like some water, boy, or a beer?"

"Yes sir, a beer would be great, if I could, sir. But I couldn't... I mean I wouldn't ask..."

"It's alright, boy, I offered, and you've earned it. I'll be right back." When I return with a beer for each of us, I bring the bottle to your lips and tip the beer down your throat while you gulp appreciatively. I set my bottle on the table for now, unopened. When your beer begins to run down your beard and neck and onto your chest, I upright the bottle and pull it away, lifting it up next to mine on the table.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." And as the second thank you comes out of your mouth, you feel the searing heat on your unclamped tit from the liquid heat I'm dripping over it. Even though you're beginning now to expect surprises, a yelp escapes. It doesn't stop the fiery seal I'm building on your nipple. To help you, I help you, I straddle you, my ass on your upper thighs, while the fire burns above and on your chest. But the pain is becoming more than even my six-and-a-half feet and 240 pounds can restrain. My weight on you causes the cuffs of your wrists to pull harder, grinding into the skin and pulling on the joints of your arms. To relieve the pressure you raise your knees and try to scoot closer to the fireplace.

Without a second's difference in the rhythm of the candle's drip, I ask in a low growl, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

You panic inside as you realize that the obvious is bad enough, you've moved without permission. Twisting and squirming were OK, but you'd decided that the pain in your arms was too much to bear, and you tried to lessen that pain. But you know that's not all the reason for my anger. Your move communicates to me that, even if just for a split second, you've moved your personal comfort ahead of your master's. While fear overcomes you as you wonder if I'll connect these thoughts as you have, and dear God, what will it cause me to do to you?

Your question is answered immediately. "Don't need your master any more, I see."

The next series of movements takes place so quickly that you can only ascertain what is happening as it happens. You hear me walk toward the kitchen and return with something. You feel rope being wrapped tightly around your left ankle.

"I'm sorry, sir, really, it was a reflex, sir, please."

I bend over and rap you hard across the jaw with the back of my hand. Then, with some restrained heat in my voice, "This is entirely unnecessary. Shut your fucking hole. All you've done is earned another beer and delayed the fucking I was about to give you."

What? Meanwhile I've threaded the rope through a hole near the end of a wooden stick about 4 feet long and 1/2" in diameter and knotted the loose end around your left ankle so that the stick dangles from your leg, next to it. You feel another section of rope tighten around your right ankle before it's joined to the stick's other end through a corresponding hole. As soon as the rope is knotted, I move behind you, hauling the stick and your legs over and behind your head. You grunt as I knot another piece of rope around the stick, then around the same screw hook that's holding your arms above you, hauling your ass about three feet off the floor. I adjust the rope so that your asshole points straight up into the air. And before you have time to anticipate it, and without a sound from me, I grab my unopened beer from the table, pop the cap off, and jam the neck of the bottle down your asshole, filling your guts with the icy cold liquid. Each new torture has brought you to the point where you felt you could bear no more. And for the most part, you've been able to withstand each act. But this, no kuba, no chance to work your ass, just 12 ounces of ice gurgling into your bowels. You moan and mumble, throwing your head from side to side against your upper arms.

I stand by and watch, checking to see that the bottle empties, smacking your ass cheeks with my hand once or twice. My own cigar has turned to a pungent butt—I pick it and take another from the box on the

table. You hear the cellophane and still have the presence of mind to realize I am going to light a long, fat dark cigar, but you will not see it. You can only listen to me breathing the cigar to smoky life.

By the time it burns evenly your asshole has quit sucking the contents from the bottle, and I wrench it from the hole. I walk beyond the couch to your right and reach inside a small chest—you hear only muffled steps on the carpet. These are followed closely by your shriek as a hard but flexible leather paddle stings your ass cheeks. After that comparatively merciful single swing, a rain of blows follows on your thighs, cheeks, and as close to your wet, puckered hole as I can get. After thirty seconds of nearly continuous contact, the blows cease as quickly as they began, the only sound in the room your heaving and moaning. Your legs have begun to ache much sooner than your arms did, all four limbs feel as if they've been wrenched from their sockets. Your neck hurts from holding your head up, your guts churn with the slowly warming beer, the cuffs and rope cut into your wrists and ankles. And your nipples burn as if the fire were still there, the clamp on the left intensifying the feeling exponentially.

But the time for your test, and the basic change in your thought pattern, is now.

How do you feel, boy?

I'm sorry, sir. Please, sir, I beg your forgiveness. I can't take much more. I beg you, sir, please.

You can't take much more what, boy?

The torture, the beating, sir.

And who's responsible for that?

You are, sir.

So, it's me that you don't wish to endure any longer. And that's what you were trying to say when you moved earlier. Is that right?

Well, yes, sir. It's not that I don't want you. I'm... I'm just in over my head.

Well, if you want my attention, why'd you fucking move, boy? You were trying to escape me and I have no choice but to help you.

Please, sir, don't leave me. I beg you, please. I'll do anything. Let me suck your cock. I'm an excellent cocksucker, sir.

Begging me to pleasure you will get you nowhere. You may beg for my kindness all you like.

And you do, pitifully pleading for my strength to help you through whatever I have in store for you. As your voice cracks and quickens, you hear me back at the table, and then over your ass. You feel something very slippery and not very large passing through your hole to join the beer. The object pauses at what seems to be mid-pass.

The candle is greased and burning. The flame stands at about two inches above your sucking hole. Grip it with your muscles or it will slide in, burning you on the way. Grip too tightly and you may squeeze the candle out onto the floor, eventually burning much more than your ass. Within minutes you should be somewhat drunk from the alcohol in your bloodstream, which will make the task slightly more difficult. You no longer need me to entertain you.

Your begging reaches an unpleasant speed and pitch, and I turn and leave the room. You hear a door close quietly. "I need you, sir, PLEASE, I need you. I am grateful for this test and the opportunity to prove myself to you, but I need your strength to help me endure. Please, sir, I'm begging you, please."

A minute passes before you understand that my having left the room makes your pleading pointless. The first thing you notice once you stop talking is the slowly building heat around your asshole—you realize that the candle is sliding further in, the flame coming closer. You flex your ass muscles, pushing it out again, trying to feel when the candle has returned to its original position, which has been made more difficult by the numbing of your nerves with the beer.

You begin trying to rationally think through your options. If you push the candle all the way out, it will surely ignite the carpet under you. If you let it slide all the way in, the candle will be extinguished, but it may light any residual lube around your hole. And the flame will be put out by being surrounded by some of the most sensitive skin on your body. Or you may try and hold the candle stationary. The nerves all over your body are sending impulses to your brain, making it harder still to concentrate on the task at hand. And you also realize that the liquid wax will run down the side of the candle, stopping only at the first nearly horizontal surface it meets, the tender pink circle of your asshole. Just as this thought registers, the first rivulet of wax is hardening near the top of the candle as it touches your hole near the bottom. You reflexively squeeze your eyes shut, tighter and moan as the fire sears itself into your skin.

But as it cools, you have another realization that brings tears of joy which soak into the blindfold, as more wax melts and runs down onto your asshole, the more fixed the candle will become. When enough wax cools joining your skin and the shaft of the candle, the candle will cease its sliding. You just must concentrate and hold it still for a few more minutes. You decide this must have been what I wanted you to figure out. Even so, you wish I were there to talk to you, stroke you, just there.

After a few minutes, having given the candle time to stabilize, I do return, and without a word I walk over and check your ass. I can see that you thought the situation through and made the right decision.

You know I'm there, but you're afraid to speak. I kneel next to your head, smiling. I take a long, hard pull from my cigar and push the smoke out and down over your face. You breathe deeply through your nose, exhilarated by the comforting smoke. I stroke your face with my fingers, as they pass over your lips, you kiss them lightly and I pause, allowing you to suck my index finger into your mouth. This, too, seems to comfort and you've earned a little comfort. This reminds me that the candle still burns above your asshole. I slowly remove my finger, stand and cross over to your ass suspended by your legs, and blow out the candle, splattering a drop or two of liquid wax over your cheeks and lower back. Quickly but smoothly I pull the stick from its hold, pulling out a fair amount of the hair that was around your ass, now threaded throughout the hardened wax. You grit your teeth, but you're beyond anything more demonstrative. You're simply exhausted.

But I am not.

Once the candle is taken care of, I move to the hook in the mantelpiece and slide the knot of rope from the hook, then slide the length of chain attached to the handcuffs off. For a second you think that you're being released, that the test is over. Your arms drop like so much lead on top of your chest. But I've never let go of the rope that suspends your legs, and you feel them rising again so that the rope may be attached again. This time though, your ass rests about a foot lower in the air, the pressure moving from your neck and shoulders to your upper back. I bend down and release your wrists from the cuffs, massaging them and your hands to circulate the blood. You are all relief and thank you's, though you're not sure why I haven't lowered your legs. Once I've finished changing the color of your hands from bluish to pink, I even remove the left clamp from your red and puffy right nipple, which causes infinitely more pain than anything else you've endured yet, but you run the loop through your brain that reminds you that it will eventually feel better.

I speak for the first time since re-entering the room. "How do you feel, boy?"

Thank you, sir, thank you for coming back. Thank you, sir.

That doesn't answer my question, boy.

Sir, that's really how I feel, it's all I feel. Thank you, sir.

I understand. But you're pretty relieved to have made it through all this.

Yes, sir, very much, sir.

You should be proud of yourself for what you were able to take.

Yes, sir, I don't think I could have taken much more.

I'll let you know when you can't take any more, boy.

As your "yes, sir" escapes into the air, my cock slides all the way into your tortured ass, to its base. There was no way you could have anticipated it, and you clench your teeth and groan from way down inside yourself. Your ass muscles squeeze tighter on me, pushing a warm beer and shit coze down the crack of your ass onto your back, and on me. I pound your ass with quick, hard thrusts, holding on to your hips to steady me. My cigar burns hot in my jaw, and I'm pounding into you so hard that I knock ash onto your chest. The ash burns a small section of your stomach for a second before being knocked to another section by my thrusting, leaving red patches scattered about your front. The shitty soup that churns in your belly continues to flow from your asshole around my cock, and the churning in my balls tells me that I'm about to erupt into you with a force I've rarely felt. I wipe some of the slime from your back with my hand and begin jacking the head of your cock to the rhythm of my thrusts. In no time your ass grips me even tighter as cum spurts from the head of your dick past your head and into the fireplace. And the tightening inside of you sends the cum from my balls thundering out the engorged head of my cock buried deep in your gut. Both our voices shudder in wordless rumbles, too low to be called a groan, as we allow the interval between muscle spasms to lengthen.

Once my body has quieted, I reach to the ledge of the mantelpiece and grasp a serrated knife. I run it along the rope between the stick that separates your legs and the hook until the rope unravels and snaps and your ass drops with a thud to the floor. You have been exhausted almost beyond thought at this point. You feel as though the sweat over every square inch of you must be leaded. You wonder even without the blindfold if you'd be able to see, as overloaded as the rest of your senses have been. I sit on your chest so that you may suck your shit from my limp cock and balls. As you lick me clean, I send clouds of thick smoke from my cigar into your face, comforting you. Your mouth fills with warm liquid as I let a load of piss go. You swallow without thinking, without missing a beat (or a drop). The blindfold gets damper again.

"You did good, boy. You've made me proud." I push myself up with my legs. Your arms and hands are much too weak to accomplish much, so I pull you forward by the back of the neck and put a cushion from the couch behind you. You feel the blood being massaged back into your feet and legs. Then you hear cellophane crinkling. I pull your jaw open and place one of my fresh cigars between your teeth. As soon as you hear the match struck you begin sucking hard, slowly and steadily. I keep the match there until the entire perimeter grows each time you pull. You know what a special gift that fresh cigar is. That realization and how much the act means to you is in a way even more frightening than being restrained, or blindfolded, or even burned. And so is how much I know about the most remote parts of you, and how deeply we've become interlocked.

You did real good.

Stogieesex

DENNIS PATTERSON

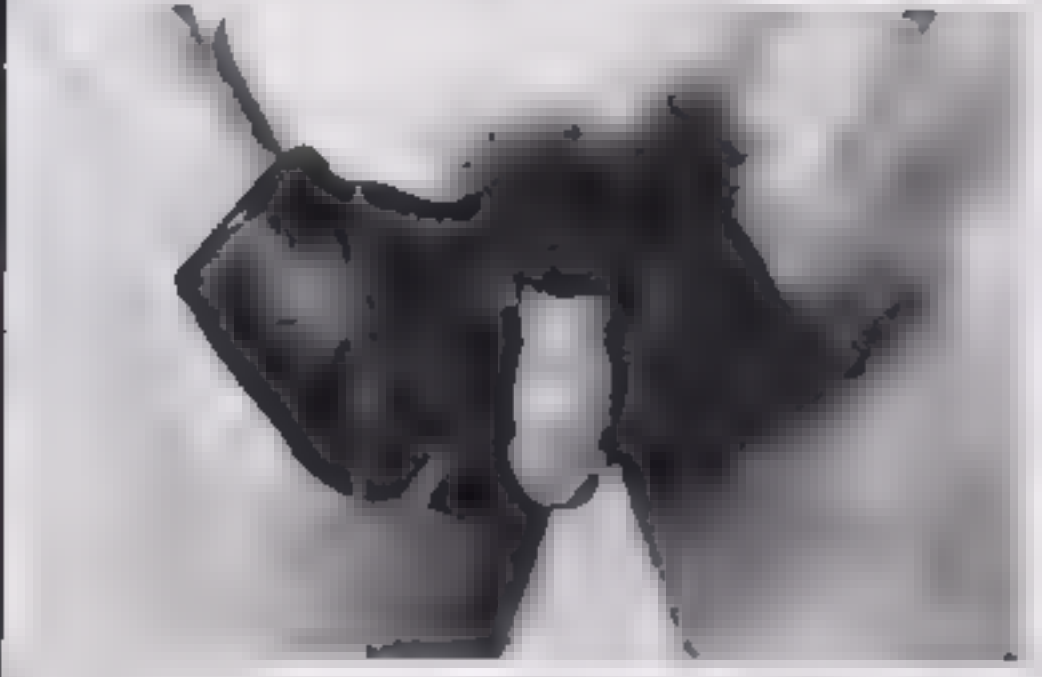
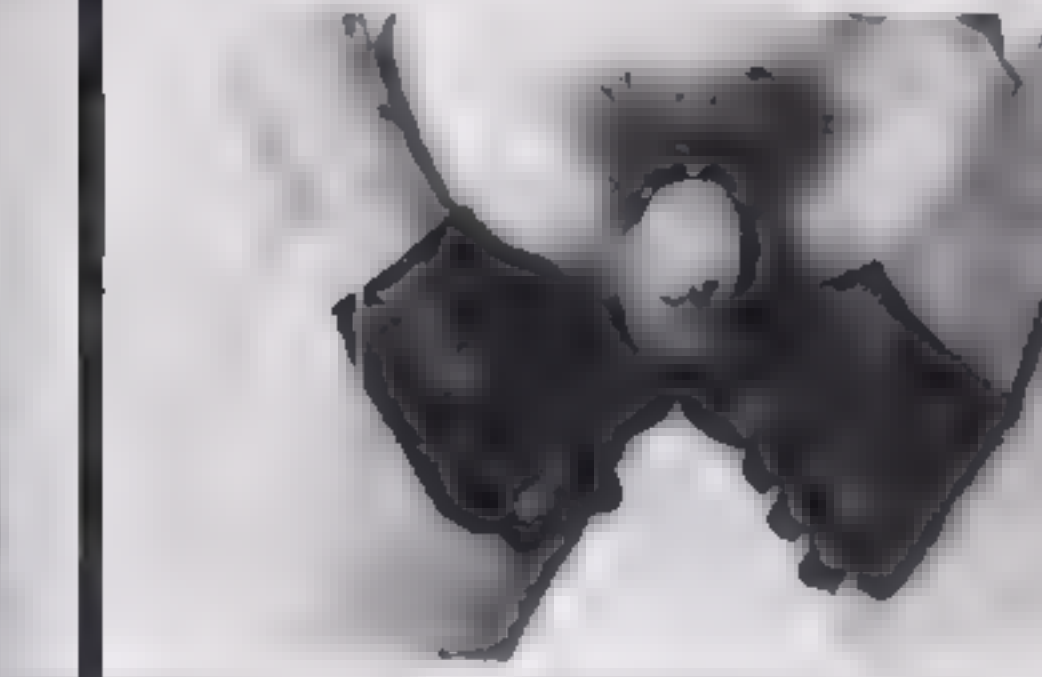
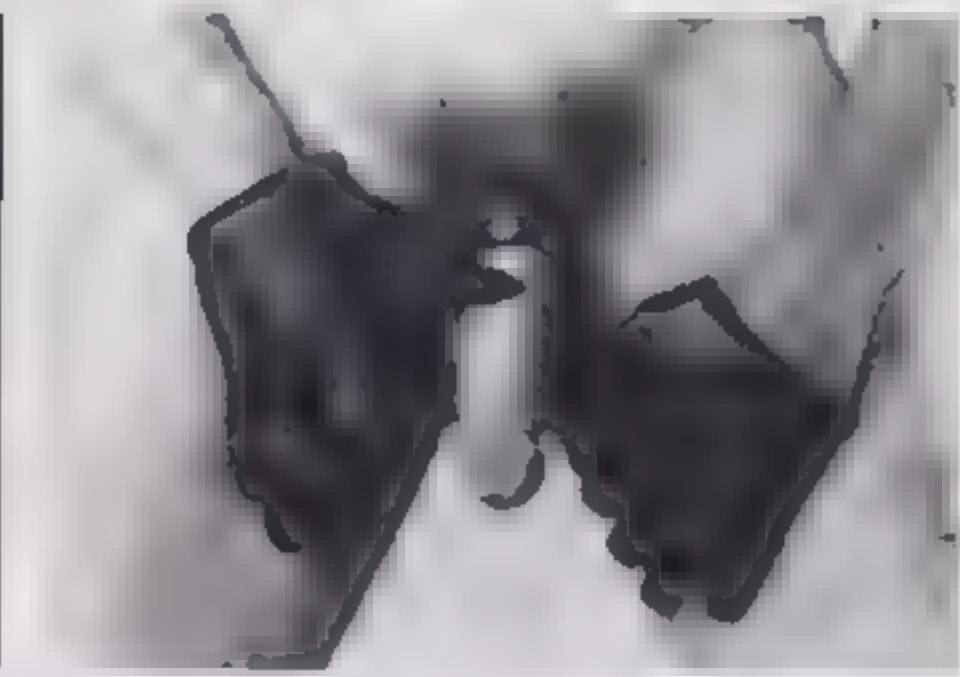
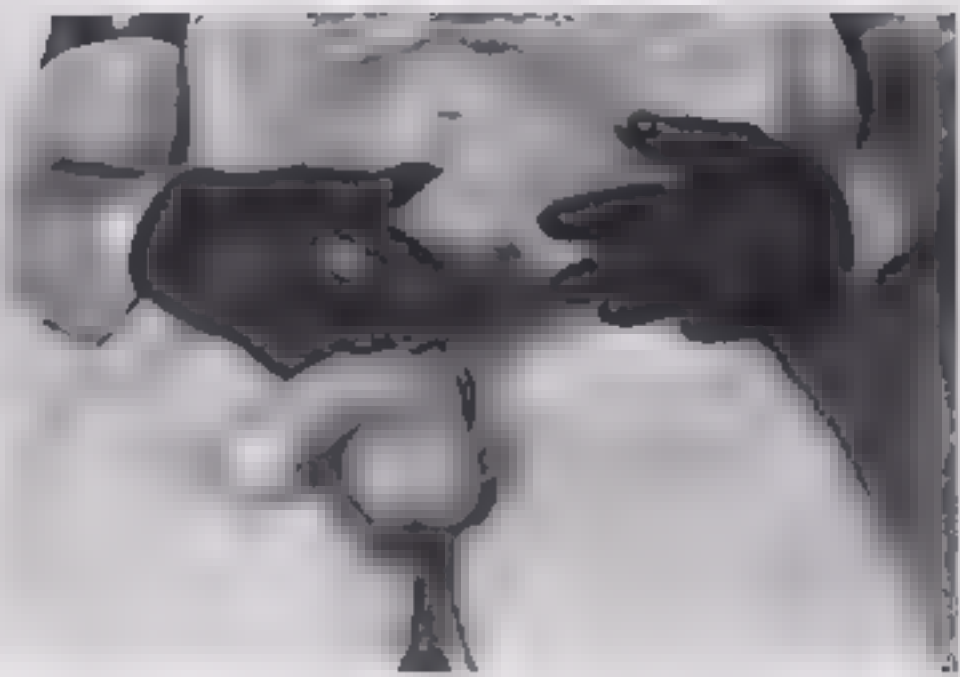
Photos by:
JIM WIGLER













DRUMMER 122

RED DOG SALOON

fiction by
Fledermaus

photos
by Jim Wigler



The night began like any other

It was a quiet night at the Red Dog Saloon. The bar was dimly lit, and the only sound was the clinking of glasses. A man with a mustache and a woman with dark hair were sitting at the bar, looking at each other. The man was holding a glass of whiskey, and the woman was holding a glass of beer. They were both looking at each other with a serious expression. The man was looking at the woman, and the woman was looking at the man. They were both looking at each other with a serious expression. The man was looking at the woman, and the woman was looking at the man. They were both looking at each other with a serious expression.

but it had felt great up his ass



Tex had been the most recent one he'd made it with. He didn't know the stud's real name but all the guys called him Tex because he always wore western style boots and that. Tony also knew that he really knew how to RIDE his ass had a real workout that day but the best part came afterwards. Tex had got next to him on that big couch and with his left arm he trapped Tony's hands beneath them. He wrapped Tony's legs with his own hairy ones and held the young stud spread and immobile. Then with his right arm Tex put it away at his finger and blew the smoke all over Tony's naked body. Tony's cock got rock hard the very next day as Tex owned the glowing cigar tip to a tender nearly hairless nipple. Tony felt the heat as he moved the magic wand over his body from collar bone torotch keeping it just far enough away. A faint red stain in his ass and it would burn. He squeezed the hairs on Tony's balls and the aroma of burning hair added to their heady odor of tobacco and the ripe scent of Tex himself, set Tony off. His cock began to throb. And as it moved wildly, his own cock didn't hold for a fraction of an instant with the glowing cigar tip. Exciting heat for an instant became sharp pain on the underside of his cockhead. He bucked and as he did as Tex laughed and promised that now that he knew what Tony really liked he'd write his name across his chest with the cigar the next time they fucked.

Busted

Tony was teased from his daydreams by cries for more near the end of the order's sweeping coming suds on the bar along with the cigar ashes when he noticed two dark forms back in the shadows of a hallway by the bar. When they had they came in? He must have been lost in his remembrances. He rubbed his hard cock against the backside of the bar. The blister he'd gotten from the cigar was gone but the spot still seemed more sensitive. The two cops were the only ones of the regulars that he still hadn't made it with. Although Yed was a motorcycle patrolman for the Sheriff's department and Jack a Corrections Officer at the County Jail the two always came in





together. Tony suspected that their relationship was something more than professional.

Tony was telling Harry and Jacky when Ed came up and as he lit the cigar he suggested Ed replace the thick cylinder of tobacco with his own rat that had a sausage. Ed exploded in rage, grabbed Tony's collar in both hands and pulled him halfway across the bar leaving his feet dangling in air. With his cigar in front of him Tony's face he called the cocky bartender a few choice names and then whacked him across the cheek with his back. Later on

Jack came to assist and they each took an arm, dragging the short dog's staff half across the bar as they delivered a verbal tirade against uppity cocksnickers. They decided to take him over to the county lockup where he'd get plenty of attention from the other inmates. But first they decided on an inspection. They stretched him out on the bar and ripped open his shirt. Ed loosened Tony's belt and pulled down his pants. The flipped him over and Jack shoved his face down into an overflowing tray of butts and ashes. Ed admired the small, neatly formed ass and kneaded the mounds with his black gloved hands.

Begging

Tony apologized again and again for his cocky rudeness and asked the officers not to arrest him. He offered anything they wanted in exchange. Anything, he begged, pushing his butt up against Ed's kneading hand. Jack shoved a dead cigar butt into his mouth to stifle the talk but the two cops decided to take their pleasure there before the excited and most enthusiastic audience.

They pulled Tony on over the bar and pushed him down onto his knees where he began to give Jack's boots a tongue bath. Harry came up from the crowd, his huge cock already cut off his eyes and hard with anticipation. Tony had been eyeing the long hump in the leatherman's pants for weeks and eagerly switched his tongue work from Jack's boots to Harry'sromatic flesh. But more was wanted and his head was forced down over the rod as it



penetrated deeper and deeper into his throat. Ed slapped a pair of handcuffs onto Tony holding his hands behind him so he could not pull away, not that he wanted to!

Jack was getting jealous of the attention Harley was getting and pulled his prisoner's head out of the leatherman's reach and put it into his own. Harley jumped up into the bar beside Jack, his own hard rod still waving in the smoke filled air while Ed lashed Tony's rear not disturbing the work the bartender was doing on Jack's cock and got his own hot rod into gear with Tony's ass.

They pumped him from both ends while the cigar smoking hunks around them jerked at their own hard cocks and urged them on.

Sideshow:

Tony's vented mouth moved up and down Jack's rod making him feel better and better. It was great, he jammed the cigar between his teeth and filled his lungs with the blue smoke. Then he spewed it out at his buddy facing him across the length of the cocksucker's body. At the other end, where Ed was plunging his own rod in and out of the tight asshole, he sucked in his buddy's smoke and taking a huge drag on his own cigar blew a cloud of blue smoke back.

Jack was so overcome with the sensations in his groin and in his head that he forgot a bit where he was. Harley's huge tool was waving ten inches away and the cigar in Jack's mouth didn't taste quite so good. Instead he wanted the cock head throbbing, dripping precum, only inches away. Without disturbing Tony's head in his lap he leaned over and took the kneeling leatherman's rod, savoring its taste, its smell. He didn't often allow others to see him sucking cock, but tonight was special.



The sight of Harley's huge head disappearing into his buddy's mouth was too much for Ed. He couldn't hold on any longer, he shot his head into Tony's ass at nearly the same time Jack filled his mouth. Harley took a little longer but not much and what Jack lost was soon replaced.

Free For All:

The Red Dog boys cheered and applauded with each ejaculation. And the cops gave the audience a further treat by hoisting Tony up and propping him against the bar. With his shirt hanging over and his pants around his ankles most of his body was on display for the boys. To give them some action to watch Ed screwed on a pair of clamps on Tony's tender tits and Jack made his balls making him moan and scream in a combination of pleasure and pain.

Then they laid him out across a few bar stools, ass end up, and invited the boys to join in. Cleaved fingers and hard cocks filled Tony's mouth and cigars, cocks and nightsticks probed his ass. Tex sanged the fine hairs off his butt with a glowing cigar and toyed with the idea of burning him, but decided to save that for a later and private pleasure.

When they had finished when they were empty and tired, they let the bartender up and let him get his clothes back together. But before they let him go they dragged him to the infamous couch and circled around him, each placing a heated foot on his lap as he was made to lick each one in turn. For a reward they gave him a big black egg and a promise. If he stayed at the Red Dog, what happened tonight would happen again. Tony vowed that he would not be praying.



RED DOG SALOON



415.778.5327

Set #1: A Bunch of the Boyss

Set #2: Busted

his bare ass

Set #3: Begging

Set #4: Sideshow

Set #5: Free For All

boots on his lap and a cigar in his mouth



CIGARS



TOUGH CUSTOMERS



TOUGH CUSTOMERS

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CIGARS

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



This mysterious TC is a famous writer of leather erotica who decided to bare all for his loyal fans and his loyal editor who's shocked beyond belief at the thought of someone of literary stature would connect a chap to his dick. Smoke on this one if you have a taste for either cigars, writers-in-jockstraps, or that which is hounded. TC 1322

THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

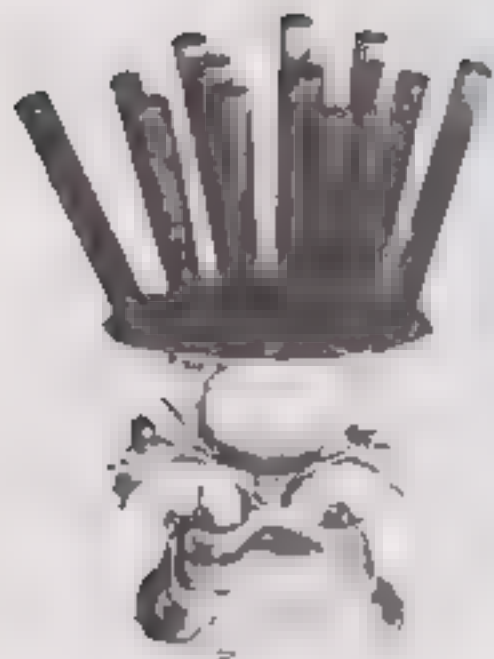
Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. *(Photos are not returnable.)*

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Cigarsuck expert promises to hurt you but promises not to harm you. Assures us there is a difference and we believe him, TC 1319





CIGARS

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



This Texas cigarstud is the real thing. Maybe if you'll only let him let you lick the ashes off those big black boots. Contact TC 1417



Texas daddy wants to know if we like his picture. We like his picture. We like his gloves. We like his hat. We like his cigar. And we like his boots so much we want to either worship them or smoke them. You dec de TC 1323

Here's looking at you kid Baltimore area veteran seeks little guys to kick around but n g guys can issue orders—TC will obey TC 1320



TC 1324 is a pyroerotic leather man boy obsessed with cigar smoking, who likes stuff that burns, goes bang or blows up. Why don't you pick h m up and smoke him sometime?



Smokes Royal Jamaican Churchills white daddy's boy sucks on something hardly jamaican but probably royal. We're list ng him for his son as TC assures us that daddy's boy will try with thrill TC 1321



Oh, put a cigar in it, already. TC 1302

A man in the moon

by Mark Thompson
photo by Peter Van der Pers

Alex

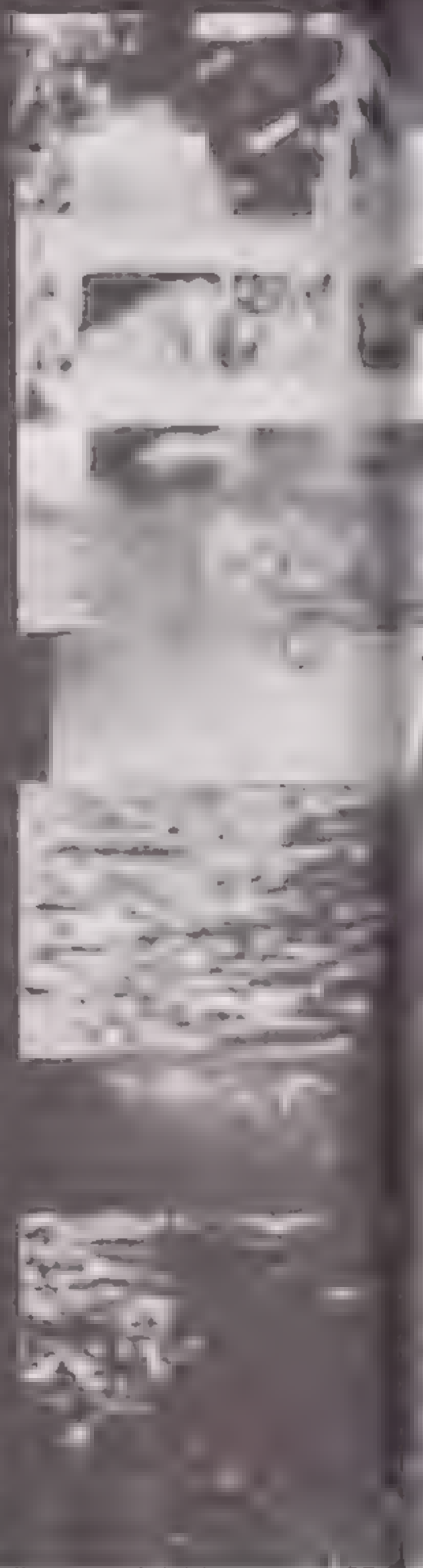
North felt wounded. Tamar Jones had just called him a bitch. His right foot was asleep, and the high toes of boots were bouncing up his leg. Alex sighed, shifted his weight, and tapped the heavily embroidered end of his tunic against the floor. He watched a tiny dust ball shoot across the cold linoleum tile. It was going to be a long evening. Alex suddenly didn't know why he had come, but particularly not such a fogbound night. At least he felt pulled in opposite directions. Tamar Jones had made all the more urgent tonight by the two medals burning in his pockets. In his left pocket, a gully hole in his coat's pocket—in opposite pocket, a square. The first letter he had tapped in a quiet, perhaps a bit lucky, he now thought. The second had arrived a day later. For the same evening, and had accused him of nothing but shameful thoughts since he'd been. He felt he'd been sitting there in all cheap, silent robe and purple belt with glittering threads—a man cleft in half. But then his feeling was something new for Alex. He had known it all his life.

Maybe Tamar had been right. The sense of being that division after appeared at a supernatural to others. He had perceived himself separate from others always, and some invisible that enveloped him, wrapping him in an impenetrable wall of painful distance. Yes, people liked him, but their affection seemed formal, as if Alex had willed their respect through sheer act of personality. He suddenly felt very tired of the thought of 28 years of command performance. He looked around the room. The room had been accepted here, but for being himself, then he really didn't know where else to go.

The room was actually a storefront off on Valencia Street. At one time it had been one of San Francisco's

best-known, rather, grocery store, and the pungent smell of stumps and acid looking all ingored. The space was an artist's room of men lived in by a small group of gay men who identified themselves as "radical faeries." Alex had gone to one of their gatherings last fall, held at a remote Sonoma ranch with about 200 men from all over California attending. It was an event he had recently anticipated. Alex had heard much about the faeries and their gatherings over the years, but he closed his eyes now, for he could not recollect from those four days was hours of bitter cold fog and coming out of a corner of cow pasture dotted everywhere with dying lambs of the. Alex imagined that he had gone in search of ecstasy, but had only come home with a cold.

Some months had passed since that dank autumnal convention and whatever measure of joy he had gleaned from the experience had all too rapidly faded. Several members of the group had taken pictures of the gathering and tonight, as draping their feet with bright boots, a table and looking at with a single light, he saw and images projected on various surfaces, an attempt was being made to recapture some of the event's ebbing glamour. About 20 men sat on a moose-skin cushions on the floor, each decked out in his latest leather drag, and passed joints and just a while while viewing the images with faces and heads packed with recognition. But he, as he did, Alex could not bring himself up to the festive mood. Tamar had told him to lighten up and stop being such a meeky faggot. Alex had told him to shut up and mind his own business. And then Alex was accused of being a bitch. He could feel despair from a queer thought. Alex feeling was, he felt to





He had read about the male initiation rites of certain aboriginal tribes; young boys, the same age as Alex, were put through extraordinary rituals involving great tests of pain and endurance.

himself and hurt

He looked around the room, hoping for comfort, and tried to penetrate the faces he saw illuminated in the shifting, mysterious light. Wonderful, gentle faces, young and old, but punctuated every now and then by the set determination of a brittle, feminine mask. Who were these men? The ones so quick to condemn and gossip and judge? They used their femininity as the cutting sword of their survival, but their play of forced brotherhood tonight left him strangely cold and with an odd feeling of being left out of some fabulous shared secret. Alex suddenly realized he wanted out of the room. His fingers dug deep into his left pocket and rubbed against the worn envelope of the second invitation; it had been his magic talisman for weeks.

More than anything else, Alex North wanted to be a man, but somehow, somehow, no one—not one person—had told him what that might be or how to achieve it. Oh, he remembered his father once taking him out pigeon-hunting in the woods. Dad aiming and shooting, little Alex scrambling through the underbrush to retrieve the bloody, still twitching birds—hurriedly stuffing their corpses in a grimy canvas sack, horrified, but not wanting to disappoint, desperate really, to keep up his end of the bargain. But the trade-off of sensibility never worked, and years later Alex was left in awful need. In college one semester he had read about the male initiation rites of certain aboriginal tribes; young boys, the same age as Alex—the bird-gatherer, were put through extraordinary rituals involving great tests of pain and endurance. Something in them had to die through trial by fire before new, and more hearty, life could find root. Alex had often imagined himself alone and naked in the forest, sharpened stick in hand, pursuing the shadow of a bigger man—the bigger man he would soon grow up to be. Instead, Alex had been left with a smelly sack of dead pigeons, no trial at all, and certainly no vision of a bigger man.

He took the second invitation out of his pocket and studied it once again in the grainy light. "Animals Initiation Night," it read. "Invitation Only. Doors Closed at Midnight."

There was an address and a crude little illustration at the bottom of the card that appeared to be a half-man, half-bull kind of creature. Alex had never received such an invitation in all of his life, and since the day of its arrival in his mailbox it had possessed him completely. He took a hurried glance at his watch—it read 11:15—and then took an even more hurried look around the room. By now the space was thick with smoke, and men everywhere were draped as lazily as supine as cats. He carefully stood up, gathered the folds of his kimono in one hand, and stepped through the loft's plate-glass door.

The frigid February air shocked him awake as he strode down the street to his VW Bug. Withstanding the chill, he opened the front hood, stripped off his robe and the light cotton shirt underneath, and then, with a sudden look in both directions, did the same with his black Tai-Chi shoes and baggy pants. Because he had parked on a darkly lit side-street, Alex felt relatively safe standing there shivering in nothing but his socks and briefs, and with a sudden impulsive gesture he quickly shed these too. Reaching deep into a plastic duffel, he took out a pair of black-dyed Levis and matching tee-shirt and slipped into them. Slamming the hood shut, he quickly got back into the car and pulled from under the seat a pair of beaten-up black leather boots he'd found at a garage sale some months ago. He tugged them on, and with an anxious shake started the car and backed down the alley. Alex knew where he belonged, where he needed to go.

He drove down Folsom Street in darkness. A lust, familiar and without name, sent him after the red trail of lights stretching to the bay. The street began in the outer city, amid the pastel, stucco houses of the working class, cut through the heart of the Latino barrio, and ended among the weedy lots of San Francisco's once thriving waterfront. It was this final section of the street that fascinated Alex the most—as it had the erotic imagination of a generation of men. As Alex continued his cruise down the last 20 blocks he passed beneath the steel pilings of the city's major

This was the
city's backyard
It was also
where some
men came
to mix spit, shit,
and urine with
earthiness.
Alex could feel
his heart
beating . . .
just barely
enough time to
step
through the
door of
Animals.

overhead expressway. It was a ceremonial gate of sorts, and suddenly Alex realized that old frames of reference and personal limit were best deposited on its other side.

Then, like bright pins on a map came the saloons: the Stud, all redwood and recollections of the '60s, but still the liveliest; Febe's, the oldest, conjuring up multiple icons of Brandos on bikes; the Brig, like a black sun. Then past the site of the old Barracks, now a pit filled with ash redevelopers hovering on its brink. The Ramrod. The Stables. The South of the Slot Hotel, where no questions are asked. The walls there were so coated with grease, Alex had heard it told, that the place would burn for days if it ever caught fire; a votive candle on a reliquary of released desire. It was an all-night oasis for many, including a famous French philosopher who seldom missed a visit when in town, the corps de ballet of a national dance troupe, and Jungians by the score.

Then past men passed out in doorways of Deco warehouses past newer facades of prefab concrete and mirrored glass, and, finally, to the foot of a granite cliff, bedrock at water's edge. Alex stopped the car, turned and looked up in wonder at the cables of the Bay Bridge gleaming silver in the moonlight. He realized that he had driven past his destination by many blocks, felt lost, yet somehow content among the rawness of the surrounding urban landscape. This was the city's backyard. It was also where some men came to mix spit, shit, and urine with earthiness. Alex could feel his heart beating and with a sudden jerk pulled the car back onto the street, holding the paper with the address in one hand, steering with the other. His watch said it was ten before the hour; just barely enough time to step through the door of Animals.

Alex nervously paced the cracked stained pavement in front of the number that was printed on the invitation. There he stood on Sixth Street, South of market, arguably the city's worst neighborhood, looking at nothing but a blank wall inset with a grimy alcove, a door set within it, and on the door a button and a sign that read, "Do not knock or ring this bell

unless you have been issued an invitation to do so." He looked at his watch; it was midnight exact. Alex rang the bell. The door opened with a gnarly buzz, and Alex stepped up and through the small opening. He found himself in some kind of lobby; a battered leather couch lay propped against one wall, and a string of ragged cardboard letters hung above, spelling out "H-A-P-P-Y N-E-W Y-E-A-R 1-9-8-2." There was a tiny glass window on the far wall and he could just make out the shadowy contours of a man moving behind it.

His actions during the next hour really made no sense at all to Alex. He signed a card, was given a key on a string, was admitted into a large, tall room filled with overstuffed pieces of furniture (the type his grandmother once had), and climbed three flights of narrow stairs—all to the sounds of loud, spacey music. Even though he was going up, Alex had the strange feeling that he was really descending into a dark and unfathomable well. It frightened him a bit. There was no one else there. Finally, he reached the top floor and groped down a dark hallway trying to match keys to the numbers stenciled on a long row of doors. Alex started to panic, calmed himself, and suddenly stumbled through the right door and into a spacious, drafty room. It took him a while to adjust to the dim light, but then Alex realized he could see perfectly. It was just at first he had failed to notice that everything in the building had been painted black: walls, floors, stairs, the crudely made four-poster bed he was now staring at—everything was absolutely the darkest shade of black, illuminated only by the eerie glow of distant red lights. Where was he? Alex asked himself.

The young man slowly sat down on the edge of the bed, kicked off his boots, and lay back on the thin, oily sheets. He shut his eyes and quickly lost all sense of time in the twilight gloom. The swirling, hypnotic beat of the music seemed to penetrate through every crack of the structure and gradually the dark enveloped him with a soothing comfort. Alex soon noticed how warm the room was getting and deftly removed the rest of his clothes. He lay there in darkness, music and warm air; his

"Sometimes
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ourselves
to something
beyond . . .
what we
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in order to find
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must die
so that we may
continue to
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solitude disturbed by the occasional passing of a back-lit form in front of the open door, or the echo of heavy boots on the bare wood floor. He must have been dozing when he was startled awake by the sensation of a gloved hand running down his back and thighs. A familiar voice quietly said "Alex?" He recognized the softly accented tone, it was Fernan, a friend of a friend who had escaped the junta in Chile in the mid-1970s, and had managed to find a place for himself in the radical sexual underground of San Francisco. Alex had last seen Fernan at a big dinner party a year ago, where the host, a gay Republican, had tried, crudely, to defend US policy in Latin America. Fernan said that he had come to know a thing or two about fascism, particularly in the playrooms of many at the table tonight, and stormed out of the house. That was the last Alex had seen of Fernan, until now.

"So, you've come here to be with us, like us, to be one of the animals?" Fernan quietly asked. "Good, Alex," he continued, smiling and rubbing the small of the young man's back. "But do you really know why you're here?"

Alex silently struggled with Fernan's last question. He didn't know, *really*. The unexpected invitation, the ride here, and now this welcoming stranger. There was a feeling bured deep within him that could somehow link all these things together and explain them—if only he could find the right words. "I . . . I don't know," he finally replied. "I think I'm looking for something I need, but I don't know what it is."

Fernan contemplated Alex's words for a few moments, and then responded. "Sometimes we must sacrifice ourselves to something beyond what we know . . . in order to find what we need. Sacrifice is very important. Parts of us must die so that we may continue to live."

Alex remained lying face down on the foam mattress, quietly responding to Fernan's gentle touch. He trusted Fernan and realized that a deep connection had been made at the time of their very first meeting. They were both outsiders, yet an awkward sense of loss and displacement had bonded them at gut level, a secret language had been ex-

changed through barely concealed smiles. There was a potential for joy here, and Alex wanted it very much. Lying naked on the sheet, Alex felt vulnerable but safe. And Fernan, sitting there by his side dressed from head to toe in gleaming black leather, seemed vulnerable too. They remained together like that for some time; white flesh and black flesh, sharing breath.

Finally Fernan said, "Come with me." Alex stood up and met his friend's gaze. He felt no shame, only quiet approval, and with the slightest nod followed Fernan out the door and down the dark hall. He felt bathed by the ebb of music, the red lights, and the looks of the other men passing by, yet remained serene in his nakedness—one foot stepping after the other to the rhythm of his breathing. There was no fear here. How odd for him to feel no fear, here, at last. Calmly, he followed Fernan to the end of the hall, and then down a long flight of stairs to a landing. Alex's guide paused for a moment, turned and put a gloved hand on his shoulder while studying his face, then turned again and went down to the next flight of wooden stairs. Alex followed as they continued their descent, spiraling down one flight after another, past the entrance level floor and still further down—down into the ground. Alex could sense dark wooden surfaces giving way to cool concrete beneath his feet, and the musty odors of dirt filled his nostrils. They continued their descent still further until they reached the end, until there was no place left to go but where they were. This was the place. Alex knew, the place he had always wanted to go, the one place where there was no other place to be but there.

They were deep underground, under the old hotel, far from the heat and the music, underneath the old city itself. Alex stood with Fernan at the end of a long burrowed passage facing a crumbling wall of cement and dirt. To their right were stone steps leading back up to the main floor of the building; a circle made complete except for the fact that the door at the top of the stairs had been nailed shut.

Both men took a moment now and stood looking at the other. Alex

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Fernan brought
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whisper of a cry
from Alex.
With slow, round
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stroked the
body of the
young man
offered before
him on the altar
of stone
and dank soil.

was aware of the heavy scented air, and the two of them standing there breathing it in together. They remained at peace, as if in a spell, and finally Fernan broke the silence. "Lie down," he said, motioning toward the stairs. Alex turned and faced the 28 stone steps that led up to the immovable door. He wondered briefly what lay on its other side, and the image of more darkness and heavy air flashed in his mind. There was no space beyond, no space different from the space he occupied now. He stood at a dead-end, looking at a wall. What he wanted was a reflection of himself. And with this new thought in mind he carefully knelt, and laid his body against the cold stones of the step. Alex stretched his body upward on the steep incline. He could feel sensation in his fingers and toes and then, with a deep sigh, released the rest of his body onto the rock beneath him.

Fernan remained motionless for a minute or two, and then reached for the thick strand of braided leather cords dangling from his waist. Swinging it in the air, he let it fall on Alex lightly, then pulled it away as gracefully as a sea bird swooping up from shore. Without breaking his rhythm, Fernan brought the flail down again, letting loose the whisper of a cry from Alex. With slow, round motions Fernan stroked the body of the young man offered before him on the altar of stone and dank soil. Gently at first, and then with increasing intensity, the two men did their dance; breathing with the steady beat, connecting through time and space, invisible currents bonding delicate roots of need and fulfillment. Alex wondered if he could ever survive the pain, and for a moment or two came close to screaming out *Stop!* But he returned to breath, the powerful lesson of breath, and glided from one wave of sensation to another, quieting his mind, letting the fire burn deeper. He was the fire, but he was liquid too, and he let his body dissolve into the stone along with his fear and resistance. He and the stone and the air and the fire of the whip had become one.

Hours had passed before Alex regained some sense of time and place. He was lying on the bed again, and as he opened his eyes he

remembered having said goodbye to Fernan earlier. It was dawn now, he could tell that by the thin blades of light streaking through cracks in the blacked-out windows. His friend had gone off to meet another day, leaving Alex with the shards of a night not quite over. He noticed the music again, never changing in its monotonous thump. Time was absent from this place, and as he lay still Alex felt as if he were being released from gravity too. Something inside him seemed to come loose, as if an enormous burden was letting go, releasing itself.

He felt a rushing sensation, like he was being swiftly carried up from Sixth Street into the air and high above the glittering city. Alex didn't know if he was dreaming or if he really was flying through the air, but somehow he could see his body passing over water. He went over the water and sped toward the granite cliffs of the headlands that thrust up on the distant end of the bay, and then plunged into the thick woods that lay beyond them. Alex went into the woods and sank deep into the life there. Among the sheltering trees and rich humus, he lived. The body of the land was his body, and the further he walked into the woods the more peace he felt well up within himself. Something new and tangible was alive in him now, a spirit he had never known before. He felt so connected to this place, felt so very alive here, and Alex knew he would never leave it again. This was the place of animals and their power—and of Alex's power too.

He continued his walk through the woods. The morning light was rising and soon he came to a clearing, which opened around a slight hill. He sat on the wet grass, and then fell back on it with hands above his head, letting the moisture penetrate and refresh his body. Alex looked up and stared into the pale light, shut his eyes, opened them again, and in the next moment found himself stretched out on the roof of the old hotel. His vision quest was over.

Alex sat there naked, sensing the pulse of the waking city, meditating on the view for the longest time. Then he returned down the stairs to collect his things and soon to home and sleep. □

TIES THAT BIND

YOU GO TOGETHER, OR YOU DON'T GO AT ALL, Part II

Last month, I wrote about developing communication skills in relationships that can help you have better scenes and I focused on those skills that are useful before the next scene happens with your partner. This time, I want to talk about some communication skills that may help save or extend your life.

Already, I know that I run the risk of pissing off a whole bunch of people who will yell that I have no right to tell them how to communicate when they play, and they are right—I don't! I have said elsewhere that there are many right ways to do S&M, and I still stand by that. But also true is the fact that there are many wrong ways to do S&M, and one of them includes unwillingness or inability to "take care of business" before the scene happens.

For the first scene between strangers, there are in my opinion some essential types of information that must be exchanged if the scene is to have a better chance of being a special experience for both players. Guys looking for relationships with SM partners will often want to repeat scenes when they have gone well.

At the top of this list of essential communications is agreement about safer sex practices if any sort of penetration or other juicy (wet) activities is even a remote possibility or wish for either partner.

I believe it is unwise to deal with this issue "as the scene progresses," because once things get moving, passions (as well as drugs and alcohol) can and do cloud judgement for both Tops and bottoms. Also, experienced Tops know how unsettling it is to be in the middle of something and have to deal with an interruption from a bottom who is scared about catching "it" from something *He* is about to do.

So, I suggest that you have what should be an on-going dialogue before you start to play unless you are willing to risk your life on your ability to handle these issues when you are horny and maybe also (let's be real) stoned.

This goes for everyone.

Those who play in Podunk and think they are exempt from this issue are not thinking with their brains, but with their dicks, which have one track minds. Strangers who tell you they are "Negative" may be lying, and it is dangerous to assess a man's credibility when you are

horny and about to play.

Unfortunately, many of you avoid this subject because you have not yet learned how to bring it up—thinking about safer sex conversation just before a scene makes many men nervous, so the unfortunate tendency is to deal with issues as you go along. If at all.

Some men only barely mention it and secretly hope that the subject changes soon. Bottoms worry that bringing the subject up is somehow "un-bottom-like," and that doing so might turn Him off. That won't do anymore.

Since most S&M men are already used to negotiating their sex play any way, safer sex just becomes one more thing to be talked about before the decision to play is made. Remember this fact to help calm your nerves about these conversations.

Here are a few ideas about how to manage this matter. As you read them remember that it is useless to memorize my words, they are mine—not yours. Yours will be better. It will help more if you remember the gist of the attitude or the tone the words carry.

A bottom might say:

"I know that I will be easier to play with after we have agreed about safer sex things," or maybe

"I will be too scared to play until you have made some promises about not swapping fluids," or

"It will help me to be with you more comfortably when I have heard your thoughts about AIDS safety," or

"What are your rules about sex between us?" or

"Can we do S&M without having any actual sex?" or

"I want to play, but there are only certain ways it will be O.K. for us to have actual sex together. I need to talk about them first."

"I hope to serve you well without risking my health, Sir."

"I can play harder and heavier if I don't have to worry all the time about watching you to see if you are about to do something with me that is unhealthy—I guess we should talk more first."

"I can't deal with a hood if I am scared that you might do anything unhealthy with me."

"I know that you are a very experienced player, and I hope you won't be insulted by my asking, but what about

some conversation first about healthy ways to do this."

Aside from the standard safe sex rules, what else are you into these days, Mister?" (My thanks to A.K. for this one. A Top might say:

"We're going to play, but we're not going to do anything that might endanger either's health" or,

"I expect you to take some risks, but not to risk your life or mine."

"I do like to fuck, but only with a rubber, and I always pull out before I cum."

Since you haven't mentioned it yet, I will. I don't swap fluids nohow, so if that's what you might be hoping for, forget it."

"You are not to get near my cock unless I say so, Got it?"

"You can be damn sure that if my cock touches you that it will be in the grip of rubber first."

"You will now slowly and carefully outline for me your notions of what is and is not sexually safe, and what you are scared about around exposure to the viruses we are all concerned about."

My point here is that there are lots of ways to initiate such a conversation. Anyone who is unwilling or unable to tolerate such talk can not be presumed to be Safe, Sane and Consensual.

Realize that before you can be a full participant in such a conversation, that you, yourself must get familiar with the current thinking about what is and is not safe to do. Unfortunately, there is some middle ground about the subject of safety, especially around oral sex, so familiarity with the issues is even more important.

Everyone must determine what activities they are and are not willing to enjoy to protect their health and the health of their partners. If you are relationship oriented, then part of your task will be to identify those men who share your views about safer sex. Staying alive and healthy is a fine basis on which to found a new relationship.

Next month, I want to continue with communications during the scene itself since that's where the magic is when it works out. Play well.

Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles who works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

PAIRUT,

PART TWO

Story by Aaron Travis

Illustration by Olaf

Beirut, Lebanon/1983

"No—please—"

David's voice is small and hoarse, hardly more than a whisper. He stands in the center of the dingy little office. Head lowered, hands tied behind his back, shivering. Nude, except for the tiny pouch that holds his genitals. His body glistens with a thin sheen of nervous sweat. He stares down through half-shut eyes at the shiny black shoes of the stranger who stands before him.

Vince stands behind him, one hand on David's shoulder, the other holding the chain attached to the collar around David's throat. "Go ahead, Davy boy." Vince's breath is warm in his ear. "Show the man what you're good for."

He gives David's shoulder a hard squeeze, then brushes his fingers down the boy's back tracing the silky cleavage of his spine. Skin like pale satin, slick and shiny with sweat. He opens his big meaty hand and cups it around one of David's naked buns. The taut, smooth skin turns to gooseflesh as he fondles it. Vince spreads his fingers and grabs a fistful of ass. Squeezes hard. The soft white flesh plumps up red in the gaps between his fingers. David responds with a whimper.

The squeeze relaxes. The fingertips brush delicately over the mottled skin, then tighten into a sharp sudden pinch that makes the boy jiggle. Vince smiles. He weighs the taut, springy flesh in his palm again, gives it a hard slap, then slides the edge of his hand into the slick, sweaty cleavage and strokes the hole with his middle finger.

David shuts his eyes tight. "Please--no--not here--not like this . . ." His hole begins to quiver. He tries to will it shut, but the conditioning runs too deep. The tender, moist ring of flesh oozes open, pushing inside out, grasping like a sucking mouth until it has swallowed Vince's finger to the second knuckle.

Vince twists the boy's hair into a knot, forcing him to lift his face. For an instant David glimpses the stranger. Not an Arab, as he had expected. Dark, Italian, middle-aged. Broad-shouldered and soft around the middle, like an older, heavier version of Vince. Tall and burly, dressed like Vince in a black suit and tie. The man's features are large and blunt, brutally handsome. A neatly trimmed mustache bristles above his broad upper lip. He leans against a desk cluttered with photographs. One hand holds a cigarette. The other hovers near his crotch. The big man leers at him, curling his upper lip in a thin, crooked smile.

Vince yanks hard at the fistful of hair, pulling back until the boy's chin juts toward the ceiling. The stranger drops from view. David stares upward at the network of grimy black pipes that crisscross the ceiling above. Suddenly Vince slides his middle finger all the way home, screwing and jabbing until the boy is forced squealing to his toes. The ceiling goes blurry. Tears run down the sides of his face, gathering at his earlobes. They fall in a straight line onto the dimples above his ass. His hips break into an automatic grind, riding the finger thrust up his hole.

Vince croons in his ear. "Yeah, that's more like it. Do your dance for the man, cuntboy. That's what we wanna see . . . Come on, throw your chest out. Show the man your titties."

David squares his chest, clasping his bound hands together, knotting his shoulders, ramming his fists into the small of his back. Vince slips his finger from the hole with a liquid pop, then teases it, pinching and pulling and scraping his fingernail against the tender lining

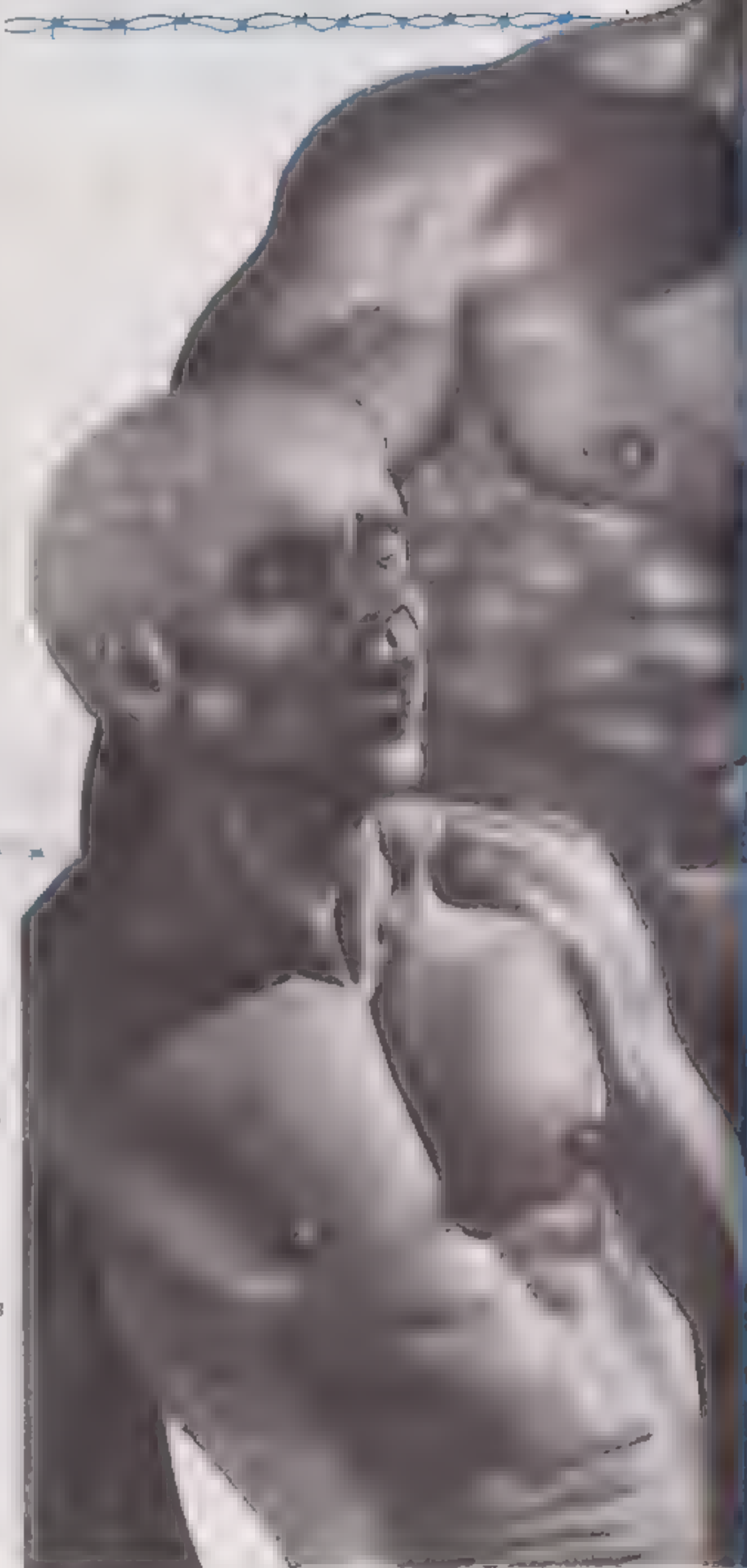
David strains backward with his hips, craving the finger. Chin up, shoulders back, torso stretched like a bow. The finger pokes playfully at his hole, then pulls out of reach. Vince chuckles in his ear. "Yeah. Pussy-boy needs a finger up his hole, huh?" Vince jerks hard at the fistful of hair.

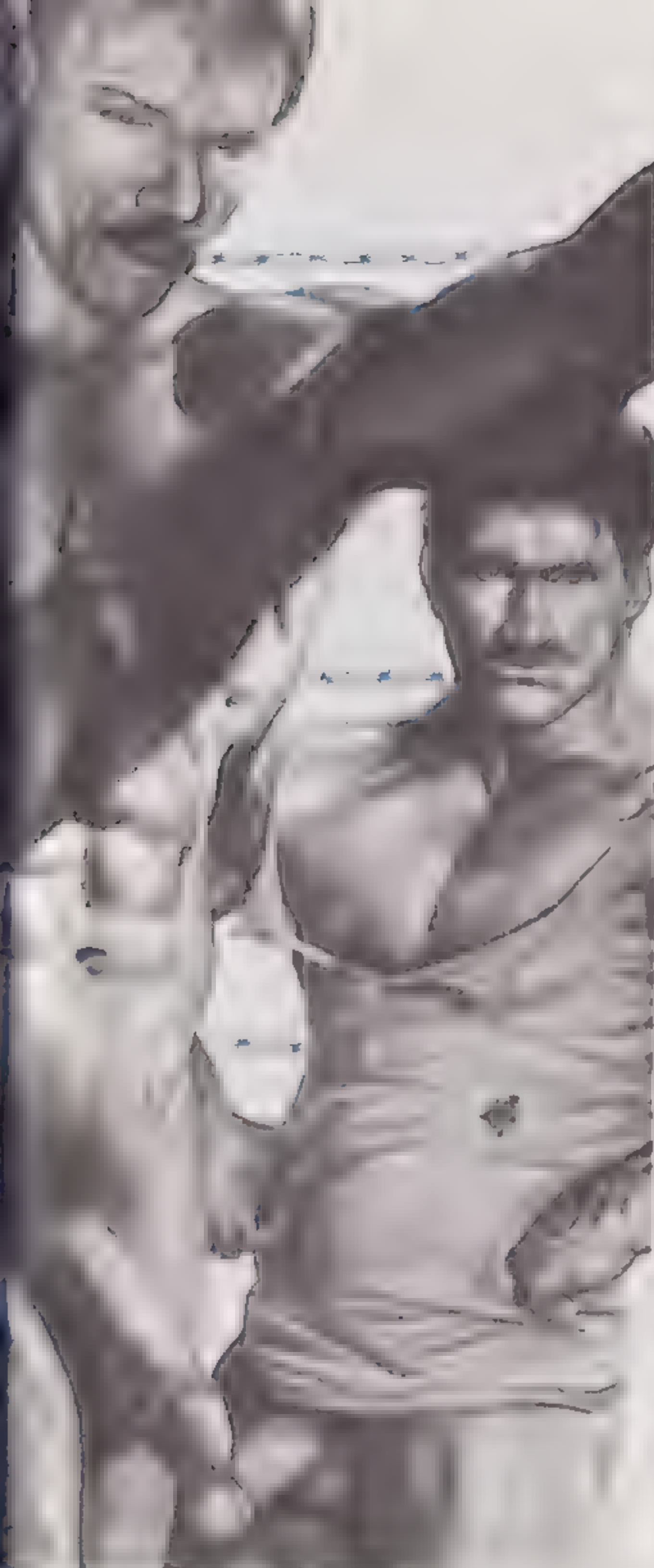
"Yes!" David blushes pink from head to toe.

"Then reach for it. Give it a kiss."

David whines and spreads his legs, still on tiptoe, twisting his heels and thighs outward until his ass is wide open, his muscular buttocks flattened, his hole completely exposed. He strains, and the moist inner lining of his tube distends, pushing outward like a blossom, pink and slick like the inside of a mouth.

Vince gives the puckered lips a playful swat, hard and stinging. The hole contracts for an instant, then pushes out again. Vince gives the hole another hard slap, then slides four fingers inside. David goes rigid, snorting like a horse.





"Well, Benny?" Vince cocks an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

The man takes a long drag on his cigarette. He wears a poker face, pretending to be unimpressed. The hard ridge down his pants leg tells another story. His hand inches a little closer to the bulge, fingers twitching.

He finishes his cigarette and flicks it to the floor. Grinds the butt into the concrete, then lights another. Taking his time, still wearing the poker face. He pushes himself off the desk and steps forward.

David jerks as he feels the man's touch on his face. The big calloused hand caresses his smooth beardless cheek. David tries to pull away, but the fingers up his ass hold him in place. The man cups his jaw, pushes his head even further back, squeezes his mouth open. He runs his thumb over the moist pink lips, then slips his thick middle finger inside. David shuts his eyes tight and clamps his lips around the man's finger, sucking at it like a cock. The finger tastes of tobacco and sweat. Fingers up his ass. A finger in his mouth. Plugged at both ends, like a chicken on a spit.

The man casually fingerfucks his mouth, sliding his fingertip over the gums and tongue, probing David's throat until he gags. Saliva bubbles around his lips, running over his cheeks and down his neck.

The man pops his finger free. He slides it over the boy's chin, probing the soft tissue beneath his jaw. David's throat bulges from his neck, a wide tube clearly defined beneath the taut flesh. The man gently squeezes it between his forefinger and thumb, prompting an involuntary swallow. The soft tube spasms, rippling like a caterpillar beneath his fingers.

The man takes a quick deep breath. "Good looking throat. Bet you can pack a big one down that hole." Vince smiles and starts to fuck his fingers in and out of the asshole, keeping the boy primed. He glances down at the bulge in the man's crotch and smiles. Benny is hooked.

And why not? Even though he stands behind the boy, Vince knows exactly what the man is seeing. He's seen it himself, plenty of times before. David is locked in Vince's favorite pose. Straining on tiptoe, his trembling thighs splayed wide open. Ass impaled, head thrown desperately back, hands tied, thrusting his chest forward and stretching his belly taut.

The boy has a spectacular physique—a hard square frame covered with a thick padding of smooth muscle in all the right places. Broad shoulders, narrow hips. Short, muscular limbs, big pecs, an ass like a split melon. Skin pale and flawless as a baby's. The pose shows him off at his finest, the very picture of submission and craving: a blond muscleboy in bondage, flaunting his big tits, putting his fuckholes on display.

This is the way Vince likes to make him stand before he gives the boy a long hard screw—except that instead of his fingers it would be a buttplug up David's hole while Vince slowly circled him, making him wait for it, letting the craving build until he crashes, letting it build again. Whipping his ass with

a belt, pinching his big nipples. Punching his belly, slapping his cock. Twisting the buttplug up his hole. The boy hates to beg for it. He always does by the time Vince is through with him.

Benny's poker face begins to crack. He licks his lips, takes a quick drag off the cigarette. He runs his finger down the hard crease of the boy's chest, to the shallow navel surrounded by plates of scalloped muscle. "Naturally hairless?"

"He is now. Permanently."

David didn't have much hair on his body to start with. Electrolysis took care of the rest. Vince chuckles, remembering the way the boy wriggled under the needle. Five sessions spread over five days, three hours a session. The specialist charged an arm and a leg, but it was worth it to watch the boy strapped down on the leather cot, writhing as the needle denuded him completely below the neck. First the stocky, muscular legs with their fleecy dusting of fine blond hair. Then the soft wisps around the boy's nipples and under his arms. Then the sleek, glossy pubic patch that ran from belly button to crotch and on between his legs to swirl softly around his hole.

All hairless now forever. The specialist wouldn't do the kid's balls. Vince took care of that himself, plucking out the silky blond strands one by one.

"Smooth as silk all over, just the way you like 'em." Vince saws his fingers in and out of the boy's hole, pumping air into the pocket, listening to it fart around his fingers. No more shaving. Nothing left to shave. Just wait till you feel your dick up his smooth hairless hole.

**Fat, heavy balls,
plump with
unspent semen.
The most
sensitive kind,
painfully full of
cum**

The man licks his lips, openly squeezing the bulge in his pants, staring at the boy like a hungry wolf. His voice is dry and tight. "Yeah... I can see. You've done quite a job on his nipples, too."

David's nipples are Vince's special creation. The same specialist who denuded the boy's body administered the silicone. A single injection of viscous jelly into the tiny cavity beneath each nipple, pumping

them up like tiny balloons. David had extra large nipples to begin with, perfectly round, like copper medallions pressed flat against the boldly carving contours of his pecs. Now they stand out almost an inch from his chest, obscenely bloated cones of flesh perched at the tip of each pectoral, tender and glossy, amazingly resilient to the touch. Nipples as shiny, smooth and sensitive as the tip of a swollen penis, perpetually erect.

The nipples have a freshly molested appearance, puffy and pink, shiny with saliva. Vince likes to suck on them for hours at a time while his dick is planted up the boy's fuckhole, clamping his lips around the base and sucking each bud into his mouth, feeling them swell up to ten times their original size. Sucking until they ache, nibbling and teasing his tongue against the tender tips, reducing the boy to his most shameless state of craving. Sucking the boy's oversized nipples while the boy's hole sucks his oversized cock.

Benny licks his lips and raises the cigarette to David's chest, bringing the glowing tip within a hair's breadth of each plump, protruding nipple, watching the boy's pectorals contract, listening to his breath grow ragged.

"Easy," Vince says. "Careful with his titties. He's not yours yet."

The man steps back. The poker face is gone. In its place is a mask of raw lust. He stares at the boy's crotch. "So where's his dick?"

"Why, you think he needs one? The kid's already got a pussy between his legs."

"C'mon, Vince. I wanna see the whole package."

Vince chuckles. "Sure. Just pull the string. But there's not much to look at."

David's cock and balls are hidden from sight, tightly packed together inside a soft suede drawstring pouch. The mouth of the pouch is tied so tight around the base of his genitals that it hardly seems attached. It bobs ludicrously between his legs, a small leather ball stuck to the nude delta of flesh where his thighs and belly converge. With his penis and testicles so tightly compacted, concealed and camouflaged in the pouch, it's easy to imagine nothing at all between his legs except a smooth sleek depression leading back to the fuckhole between his cheeks.

The man finds the string and tugs at it, then pulls the pouch away. David shudders and gasps as his cock unbends and straightens fully erect for the first time in days. It snaps up against his belly, rigid and quivering, pointing toward his navel but reaching only halfway. Short and stubby, bone-hard. Slender whipmarks show on the taut, translucent flesh, more whipmarks at the blunt, moist tip. A toy cock, the most sensitive kind, all the nerve endings packed close together. Stripped of the surrounding pubis, it juts up nude and vulnerable from the boy's groin, like a squat little whipping post. Useless for fucking. Perfect for punishment.

"Yeah." The man snaps his finger against David's cock and sniggers. "Not much in the weenie department. But his eggs look like they might be fun to

crack." He narrows his eyes and reaches down to cup the hairless testicles in the palm of his hand. Fat, heavy balls, plump with unspent semen. The most sensitive kind, painfully full of cum with no place to unload. The man squeezes. The balls vibrate in his hand like gelatin.

Benny steps back and leans against the desk, almost tripping, unaware of his clumsiness. All his attention is channeled forward in an unblinking, smoldering stare. Vince nods. The corner of his mouth twists into a smirk. He pulls his fingers from the boy's hole with a loud, smacking pop. David lets out a bleating whine. A fresh sheet of sweat pours down his chest.

"Jesus, Vince. How do you do it? Don't tell me the kid came to you this way."

"The kid came to me a virgin. Never been porked. I just gave him a taste of my kind of loving. Soon as he found out what a real dick could do to that pussypot between his legs, he forgot all about that little nub in front. You could say we came to a quick and mutually satisfying understanding." Vince laughs—not at his own words, but at the twitch that flutters at the edge of Benny's mouth and the beads of sweat popping out across his forehead.

Vince takes a quick look at the nude and straining body beside him. David senses the glance. The veins bulge from his neck, his hips sway back, fucking the air.

Vince delivers a stinging downward slap to the boy's dick. "Put your little toy away."

David hunches forward opening and closing his thighs. It's a move he's obviously performed many times before. Without using his hands, he manages to tuck his hard cock between his legs, then squeezes his thighs together and stands upright. Nude. Sexless. Nothing showing between his legs but his smooth, bald crotch. He draws his eyebrows together and shuts his eyes in shame.

Benny stares. His mouth hangs open. The breath rattles in his throat. "I gotta fuck him. Now."

"Sure. We can talk business after. Right here?"

"Over the desk."

The man steps out of the way, hurriedly unbuckling his pants as Vince pushes the dickless boy forward, bending him over the desk, smirking with approval at the way the moist, slick hole automatically opens in a kiss.

David's face is preseed into the clutter on the desk. An inch from his nose, grotesque at such close range, is a glossy photo of a pretty redhead, his mouth impaled on a huge cock, his bright blue eyes gazing up at the camera in astonishment. David stares at the picture for an instant, then jerks as something thick and blunt begins to slide between his cheeks. He feels his hole yawn open with a will of its own, welcoming the intruder, reaching for it. He can't seem to squeeze it shut, no matter how hard he tries. He shuts his eyes tight and begins to cry again...

Fifteen minutes later Benny is seated in the swivel chair behind his desk, smoking a fat cigar. Pants around his ankles. Shirt open, chest hairs glistening with sweat. His big chest pumps slowly up and down,

catching his breath. A quick, hard fuck. Next time he slams the kid he'll take his time, draw it out, really put the boy through his paces. This time he was just too hot. Vince's fault—Vince really knows how to show off the goods. And the way the boy squealed, even while his asshole was gobbling dick like a hungry mouth—nobody knows how to train a piece of boycunt like Vince Zorio.

The nipples have a
freshly molsted
appearance,
puffy and pink,
shiny with saliva.

David is on his knees between the man's burly thighs. Face buried in his crotch, lips stretched thin and mashed flat against the wiry patch of hair that sprouts at the base of Benny's dick. The thick, greasy tube of flesh is buried down his throat, pulsing and warm. After the fuck, Benny said he wanted to soak his dick for a while before getting down to brass tacks. Vince was happy to oblige.

David's hole is burning and raw at the mouth, pummeled and bruised inside. Benny has a big one. His ass is red and welted, marked with handprints. Benny is a hitter. His hole, gaping and loose after the hard fuck, suddenly lets out a long rasping fart. The big load Benny pumped up his ass begins to backflush, dribbling down the inside of his thighs. Above him, the men laugh. David's ears blush dark red as he cuts another fart, helpless to stop it.

His hands are still tied behind his back, his cock still tucked out of sight between his legs, hard as a pipe, riding the ridge that leads back to his hole. Benny reaches down with one hand, cupping his smooth meaty breasts, plucking at the pumped-up nipples. David groans around the dick in his mouth and squeezes his stubby cock between his thighs, rubbing the denuded, sweaty planes of flesh together, rolling his hips. He could come that way. It's the only way Vince lets him come. The fuck has left him hot and aching for it. But David knows better. He stops at the first twinge of pleasure between his legs, then concentrates on the fat, satisfied dick in his mouth, stroking it with his tongue, squeezing it with his throat, trying hard to make Benny feel good.

The man rewards him with a sharp slap across the face. "Not so hard, cocksucker. I told you, nice and slow. Nice and easy. You suck the way I tell you to suck... Yeah, just let it slide down your throat. That's the ticket, kiddo." The man takes a long drag

on the cigar, then blows a cloud of smoke into David's face. David chokes and coughs around his dick.

Benny clenches his teeth at the unexpected pleasure

Vince sits with one knee propped over the corner of the desk, casually leafing through a stack of photos. Most of the models are Arabs. Smooth, slim-hipped Bedouin boys with long lashes and tender nipples. Big, hairy-chested Arabs with dark mustaches and thick, circumcised cocks. He pauses when he comes to a batch he hasn't seen before. Two musclemen, Turks by the look of them, working over a nude and obviously reluctant redhead, a new boy; Vince has never seen him before. New to Benny's establishment, new to the game; the look of astonishment on his freckled face is too genuine to be phony. Fresh meat. A meeting can be arranged, as always. Vince will make it part of the deal. He'll be needing a fresh hole to unload in while David is in hock.

"So, Vince." The man's voice is cloudy with smoke. "Where'd you find the kid? A fucking blond, no less. Must be a long way from home."

"American," Vince says. "Small-town boy. 19 years old. Ohio born and bred."

"So what the fuck's he doing in this hellhole?"

"What do you think?"

"Looks like a Marine."

"Yep."

"So how the hell did you get your hooks into him?"

"Ran into him outside Abdul's."

"AWOL, huh? Kid trying to score a phony passport? What's the story?"

"What's to tell? The kid wants to go home. I offered to help. Of course, these things cost money..."

"And you don't take charity cases."

"He's been earning his keep. But he'll have to earn a hell of a lot more if he's ever gonna pay his way home. Transit, safehousing, new identity. The works. I figure the best way for him to bring in some big bucks fast is doing a few months at your place."

Benny makes a face. "Business, with the war, it ain't what it used to be."

"Come on, Benny. A blond American, in this place? With his kind of body. You know your regulars will pay big bucks for a crack at his ass. He's prime stuff."

"Well..."

Vince takes a final look at the cute redhead, then tosses the photos on the desk. He reaches into his coat pocket for a cigar, looking down at the boy's upthrust ass. He swings his foot forward and pokes the tip of his shoe into the sweaty crack. David hunches back, groaning around the cock in his mouth. His asshole yawns open and swallows Vince's foot to the instep, drooling a mass of slick semen onto the shiny leather. Shoeshine boy, giving him a hot wax job with his ass. Vince will have him buff the tops with his tongue before he leaves.

Vince lights the cigar, whips the match through the air and tosses it onto David's ass. The hole snaps tight around his foot. Benny sighs at the squeal that vibrates through his cock.

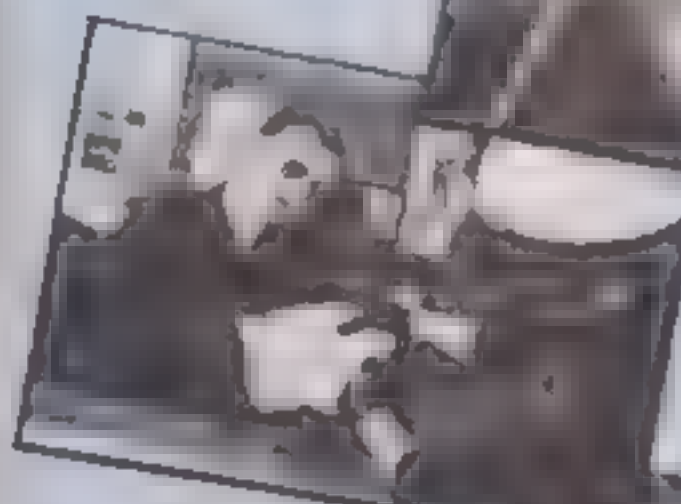
Vince takes a quick drag off his cigar and exhales. "We'll work something out..."

TO BE CONTINUED

RED DOG SALOON

Cigars,
Boots,
Cops &
Bears

#1 A Bunch of the Boys
Butty bearded bears and other men stoking up with their cigars at the bar (No nudity)



#2 Busted
A pair of cigar smoking cops arrive and take control of the hunky bartender laying him out on the bar, shoving his face into a tray of butts and ashes, pulling down his pants and mauling his

#3 Begging
The bartender uses his mouth to work on the cops' boots and cocks and they take possession of



#4 Sideshow
The mob comes out all over the place and while the handcuffed cops takes his cigar put of his mouth and replaces it with a hairy motherman's cock

#5 Free For All
The action gets heavier as everyone joins in to get a sample of the bartender's body, clamp on his tits, squeeze his balls, shove a cigar up his ass, and finally reward his performance with a cigar



DESMODUS, INC.

PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

\$10 per set, \$45 for all five sets

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- #2 Busted
- #3 Begging
- ☐ #4 Sideshow
- #5 Free For All

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DRUMMEDIA

January

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31



OF LEATHERMEN AND THEIR ELEGANCE: COLT 1989 LEATHER CALENDAR

Like it or not, another new year—1989—is just around the corner. We can think of no better way to number one's days during the twelve macho months ahead than with Colt Studio's 1989 Leather Calendar, featuring a divinely decadent dozen dudes—pumped-up, hunked-out and presented in the inimitably elegant fashion that has made Colt the very best at what they do for very many years.

Deck your walls with balls, attached to twelve of the most stunning leatherstuds imaginable. Yes, they're that hot. Sassy,

Pouty. Arrogant. You'll want to jump all their bones, even if it's not a leap year. Wide-spread legs showing off the sweetest of buttholes. Ten-pound pieces of meat. Steely-eyed chaps in chaps and boots and vests, rubbing their leather against their super-developed pecs and almost—but not quite—cracking a shit-eating grin. A dozen dandy dicks and you'll love the daddy sitting on the toilet—too bad October only lasts 31 days—all packaged with the customary veneer of luxury and class that is synonymous with the Colt Studios name.

Make your fiscal year a physical year with twelve of the sexiest studs ever to be portrayed in glossy black and white. It'll make you look at the year to cum in an entirely new and erotic way.

The Colt 1989 Leather Calendar is available for ten bucks from Colt Studios, PO Box 1608, Studio City, CA 91604.

July



October

Saturday



6 7 8 9 10 11
3 4 15 16 17 18

GET IT GRAPHICALLY WITH WIGLER/THOMAS GREETING CARDS

If Colt Studios has not sated your appetite for elegantly presented photographs of glamorous leathermen in luxe black and white *Drummer* can indeed tell you where to look for more of the same. Perhaps you already have a 1989 calendar, but you're in the market for a greeting card to send to that special someone, a card brimful of amazing blondboy leatherattitude.

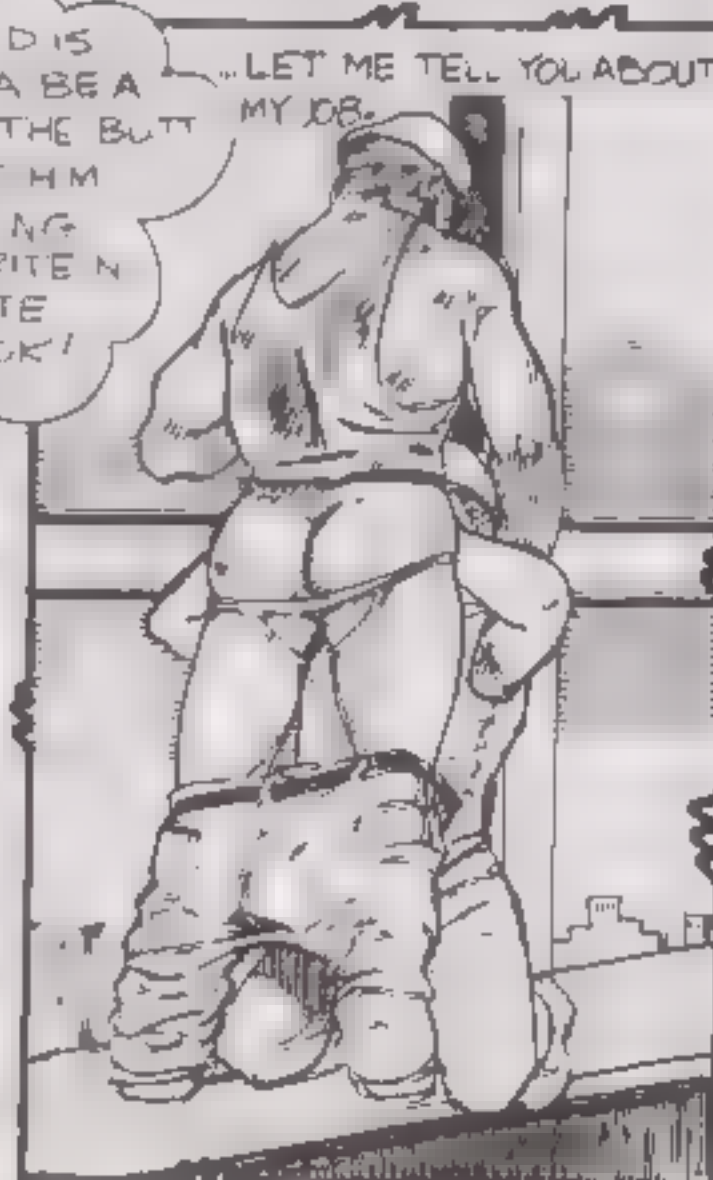
Photographer Jim Wigler—he of the internationally acclaimed "Faces of AIDS" exhibits—has teamed up with that absolute nonpareil of sweet blond luckability, Coulter Thomas, International Mr. Leather 1983, in the publication of a line of twelve different greeting cards. These cards say just about all that needs to be said about leathermuscles or the innocence that can be contained in a sexually heated frown. Wigler is one of the few photographers around who knows how to make leather look like a sparkling black gift from the stargazed sun. And on Coulter the effect is somewhat wanton, if somewhat debonair. So it's that time of year—the

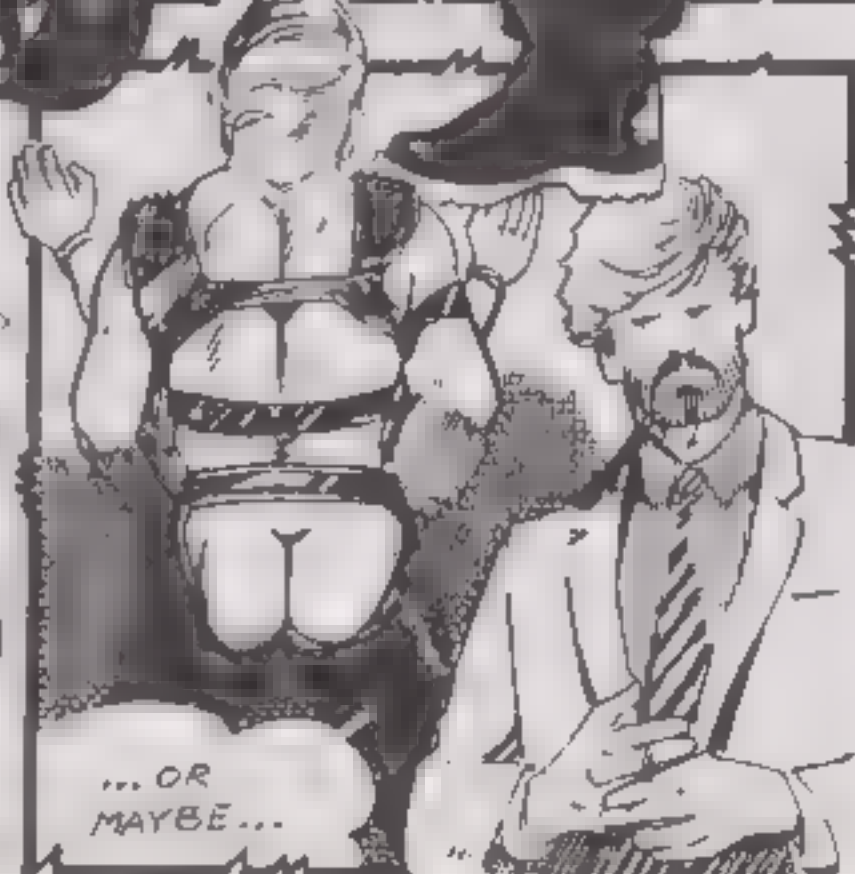
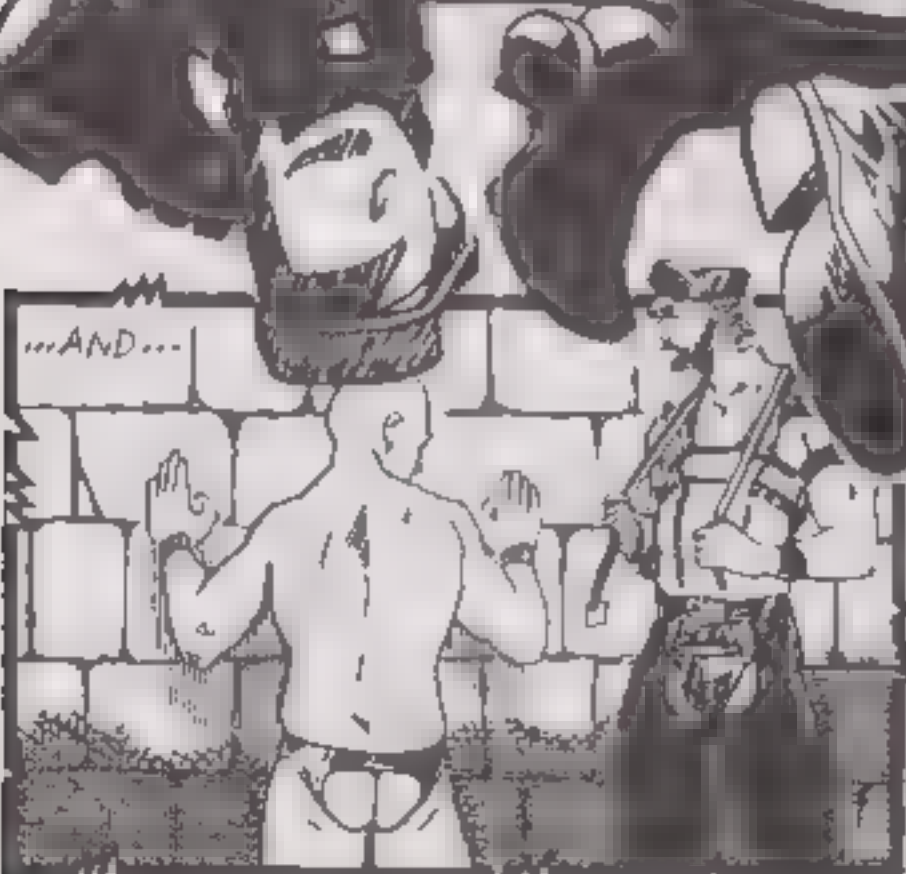
holidays—when you want to tell someone special something (someone just like Coulter, we should be so lucky, right) secretive that you've been putting off.

Like I love you it's Christmas let's fuck our brains out right here right now under the tree but first let me give you this card because I'm tongue-tied and reticent and shy as charming Colt Thomas. Let Wigler and Thomas express the sentiment for you with their photographic images of seductive Coulter showing off his blond prettyboy naughtiness in twelve different erotic moods ranging from suckable blondcock revelation to absolute leathersneer. Jim Wigler has captured the hottest, the pouiest, the most succulent photographic leather shots of Colt Thomas (who looks as if he's on the verge of orgasm on every card) ever put on film. The Wigler/Thomas cards are available in sets of twelve, with each card having a different photo on the front. The cost is \$15 per set. Please add \$2 postage and handling per set. Order from: **Do You Get It Graphics**, 808 Post Street, Suite 824, San Francisco, CA 94109. □



DEBIM





ANOTHER INTEREST
OF MINE IS THIS
CLUB,
BELONG
TO ..

ER

...I HOPE YOU
ARE GETTING
ALL THIS DOWN..

I'M NOT
GOING
TO FAST
AM I?

...AND I
MUST NOT FOR-
GET TO MENT ON
MY PA...

...MY DADDY AND I HAVE
AN EXTRA
SPECIAL
RELATION-
SHIP...

...BUT I AM
SURE YOU
HAVE ENOUGH
INFORMATION ALREADY
IN YOUR LITTLE
NOTE PAD!

I LOOK FORWARD
TO SEEING YOUR NEW
MAGAZINE, "ZAP" - IF IT IS
AS GOOD AS "DRUMMER",
I'LL GET IT ON A REGULAR
BASIS..

I'LL BET THAT KID WILL
NOT GET A MORE INTERESTING
SET OF ANSWERS... AND WHAT
IS MORE, I DIDN'T
EXAGGERATE - RIGHT?

NOTICE

YOUR RIGHTS TO READ AND VIEW WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY THE U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

If you enjoy and appreciate the freedom to read and see anything your choose, you will be interested to know that the Justice Department has mounted a massive attack against that very freedom and is actively and aggressively attempting to suppress films and publications that do not fall into a very narrowly-defined area of acceptability.

This action is being directed at book stores, video stores, distributors, and mail-order companies and has resulted in indictments against mail-order companies from Texas, Iowa, Tennessee, Washington, Florida, New York, Pennsylvania and Utah. [U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, July 1, 1988] Investigations are continuing in Oklahoma, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, Minnesota and North Carolina. [JOHN H. WESTON]

The focus of this action is not limited to what you might find objectionable, but rather what those who are leading this attack find objectionable; and to the Reverend Joseph Chambers, who is one of the leaders in the "fight for stricter obscenity laws," and who receives support from the Reagan Administration, this could include almost anything. Rev. Chambers began his campaign against obscenity — his "odyssey" — after seeing a photograph by Annie Liebowitz of actress Debra Winger romping with her dog, Petey, in the October 1983 issue of LIFE magazine. "When I looked at that picture," he said, "I realized pornography had come . . . to mainstream America and that it was just completely infiltrating society." [ROLLING STONE, September 25, 1986]

People who think like Rev. Chambers are determined to control what you read and see, and they are being financed by your money — your tax dollars are paying for a very large bureaucracy in the Federal Government which is dedicated to one main objective — censorship. As Rev. Chambers' affliction clearly illustrates: Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. People who can find obscenity in LIFE magazine cannot, and must not, be allowed to set the standards for the rest of us.

There are 93 "obscenity specialists" (Justice Department terminology) on the payroll of the Justice Department [HARPER'S INDEX, April 1988]. The Justice Department has also been "involved in training . . . agents from the FBI, IRS, Customs, the Postal Service" and "will have trained close to 5,000 key individuals in the investigation and prosecution of obscenity." [UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE OBSCENITY ENFORCEMENT REPORTER, V I, N II]

Millions of dollars have been allocated for the suppression of "objectionable films and publications" and yet, there are insufficient funds to combat the deadly serious problems facing our society. AIDS research, along with dozens of other programs in desperate need of government money, suffers from insufficient funding while your tax dollars are being used to censor what you see and read.

If this mis-allocation of funds outrages you — if you value the freedom to choose whatever you want to view and read — and if you don't want your films and books censored by people who still believe the world is flat, write your Senators and Congressmen in Washington and tell them you strongly object to any funds being allocated to the Justice Department to support the "obscenity specialists" and their agenda.

URGENT: Soon to be introduced on the floors of the House and Senate are 2 separate pieces of legislation (sponsored by supporters of Atty. Gen. Ed Meese) which will virtually eliminate everything of a sexual nature from the public sector. Act now! Preserve your right to choose what you want to view and read.

PLEASE PASS THIS IMPORTANT
INFORMATION ON TO A FRIEND

Each state has two Senators and you will find yours listed below. Write to each of them as follows:

Alabama	Howell Heflin Richard Shelby
Alaska	Ted Stevens
Arizona	Frank Murkowski Jennis De Concin
Arkansas	John McCain Dale Bumpers
California	David Prye Alan Cranston Pete Wilson
Colorado	William Armstrong Timothy Wirth
Connecticut	Lawel Welch Christopher Dodd
Delaware	William Roth Joseph Biden
Florida	Lawton Chiles Burrhead
Georgia	Sam Nunn Wyche Fowler
Hawaii	Dan Inouye Spark Matsunaga
Idaho	James McClure Steven Symms
Illinois	Alan Dixon Dan Simon
Indiana	Richard Lugar Dan Quayle
Iowa	Charles Grassley Tom Harkin
Kansas	Robert Dole Nancy Landon
Kentucky	Wendell Ford Mitch McConnell
Louisiana	J. Bennett Johnston John Breaux
Maine	William Cohen George Mitchell
Maryland	Paul Sarbanes Richard Mikulski
Massachusetts	Edward Kennedy John Kerry
Michigan	Donald Rostenkowski Carl Levin
Minnesota	David Blumenthal Kinky Boscawen
Mississippi	John Stennis Thad Cochran
Missouri	John Danforth Christopher Bond
Montana	John Melchior Mike Bonior
Nebraska	James Eastman Dick Durbin
Nevada	Chris Hatch Harry Reid
New Hampshire	Gordon Humphrey William Rothman
New Jersey	Bob Dwyer Frank Lautenberg
New Mexico	Pete Domenici Jeff Bingaman
New York	Daniel Moynihan Aphonse D'Amato
North Carolina	Jesse Helms Terry Sanford
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Quentin Burdick Karl Conrad
Ohio	John Glenn Howard Muenster
Oklahoma	Dan Boren Don Nickles
Oregon	Mark Hatfield Bob Packwood
Pennsylvania	John Heinz Allen Specter
Rhode Island	Clayborne Pell John Chafee
South Carolina	James Strom Ernest Hollings
South Dakota	Tim Wirth Thomas Daschle
Tennessee	James Sasser Albert Gore
Texas	Lloyd Bentsen Phil Gramm
Utah	Mike Garn Orin Hatch
Vermont	Richard Stafford Patrick Leahy
Virginia	John Warner Paul Trible
Washington	Daniel Evans Brock Adams
West Virginia	Robert Byrd John Rockefeller IV
Wisconsin	William Proxmire Robert Kasten
Wyoming	Malcolm Wallop Alan Simpson

Date _____

The Honorable Joseph Biden
Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee
Room 489, Russell Office Building
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator Biden:

I urge you to convey to the entire Judiciary Committee my opposition to the legislation sponsored by Senator Thurmond (S-2033) and by Senator Green (S-703).

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I believe any adult has the constitutional right to read and view whatever he or she chooses without interference from any person or group, and I am opposed to censorship in any form.

Respectfully,

Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Date _____

The Honorable Peter Rodino
Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee
Room 2462, Rayburn House Office Building
Washington, DC 20515

Dear Mr. Rodino:

I urge you to convey to the entire Judiciary Committee my opposition to the legislation sponsored by Mr. Hughes (HR-3889) and by Mr. Green (HR-1213).

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I believe any adult has the constitutional right to read and view whatever he or she chooses without interference from any person or group, and I am opposed to censorship in any form.

Respectfully,

Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

(One of these letters should be sent to your own Senators and Representatives)

Date _____

The Honorable _____
Member of the Senate [Your Senator]
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator _____
[Last Name]

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I urge you to vote against Senate Bill S-2033 sponsored by Senator Thurmond

Respectfully,

Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Date _____

The Honorable _____
Rayburn House Office Building [Your Representative]
Washington, DC 20515

Dear _____
[Your Representative]

I strongly object to any legislation which infringes on my rights to read and view anything I choose and I protest the expenditure of United States Government funds for the suppression of so-called "obscene material."

I urge you to vote against the legislation sponsored by Mr. Hughes (HR-3889) and by Mr. Green (HR-1213)

Respectfully,

Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

(NOTE: If you wish to receive a response, print your name and address clearly. Your name will not end up on any lists.)

Or you can send a Western Union telegram as follows:

I strongly object to government suppression of so-called obscene material. I urge you to vote against S-2033.
This telegram will cost \$7.95 and can be charged to your telephone bill, or a major credit card. Send one to each Senator from your state.

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, 60) days for your ad to appear. WE MEAN IT.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY _____

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words x 50¢) \$ _____

Additional Insertions—x____ (10% discount) _____

Box Number (Add \$1.00) _____

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00) _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Please make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card No _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to printer's or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between

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ea



**TO ORDER
BACK ISSUES OF
DRUMMER
SEE PAGE 80**

DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive Bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me, gag me, make me beg for more. You're in control (if you're man enough). Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692

CREWCUTS USMC HI & TIGHTS

Himtops, haircutting, or bodyhaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests video, photos, local parties, newsletter. CLIP PERS. Box 5871 Santa Monica CA 9040

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories. Let s tie him down, gag him, roll his nipples, frig his butt, tickle him mercilessly then milk his dick for a final 'Straight' and bi-guys who need 'cock' control punks, thugs, cops, military, rocks, and businessmen. Mr N.P. PO Box 40136 Berkeley CA 94704 Box 5695LF

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR'

I'm licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, labors, rocks, etc. pick up the phone John 1212 889 5477

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered photos returned. Box 8171

BOTTOM 28 6 1" 170 LBS

M. submit to young tough master and friends 18-25 into humiliation, discipline, bondage, whipping, verbal abuse being fucked cocksucking Randy. PO Box 90812 Long Beach CA 90809

ASIAN BOY SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Forcing, no pain VA WS, suck rim. Fantasies letter photo. Tuanh. PO Box 361142 Los Angeles, CA 90036 9542

BOARD-STRAP-LIGHTS-ACTION

DC AREA levi guy 5'10" 175 seeks studs into swapping, getting or giving ass punishment with the frat paddle, razor stroop, etc. Can make home videos. Like tit work, crotch worship, etc. Ass locking, other rough stuff. restraint optional. Box 27082 Washington DC 20038

ENGLISH CANE SIX OF THE BEST

Cute, bad English schoolboy 29 5'6" 135 lbs. Great buns. Must report to Sir pants down, bend over six of the very best yow! That whip-like English cane really hurts. Now drop those white nylon undies too! For six more harder still, heowch, oww no more! But there will be more, until he learns to kiss Sir's ass & suck on Sir's shiny used undies like he's told. Maybe 20 strokes with a belt or 30 with a paddle, even a long hard spanking. Sir is young, strong & handsome, smart, white shirt tie, etc. Are you Sir? Then write to Mark. Photo guarantees reply. PO Box 127972 San Diego CA 92112

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6' 180 lb. bl. 25 good-looking college stud looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycling, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot tan W/M slave animal 34 5'9" 172 lbs. blond seeks demanding innovative muscular hung Black Master for workouts. S/M CBT paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French, B'D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack. PO Box 14630 Phoenix AZ 85035 Letter phone photo instructions please. LFB406

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex T.T. V.A. shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo. phone—Al Box 1356 Mad Sq. Sta. NY NY 10159 Box 6700LF

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man I'm 5'10" 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to Mitch. PO Box 9395 Scottsdale AZ 85252 Box 6398LF

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28-31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple, me 5'8" 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, mustache. 46 look 35 Nautilus body. Into CBT, VA, FF weights, stretching, safe sex. Partner 5'9", slim, brown curly hair, blue eyes, mustache. 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909

LOVER MASTER WANTED

G W/M 30, 5'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall healthy hung, in-shape protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for female and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 8703LF

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular butch, submissive, interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. He unusual W/M, 37 5'11" 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, toned masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for Life Partner, by successful, professional GWM, 40, 6'2", 230M, black hair, beard, mustache, hazel eyes, B+ cul, tattooed, pierced, Harley rider, non-smoker. Looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details write DPR. PO Box 572 Worthington OH 43085-0572 Box LF644D

ASSMASTER

Hot bottom 33 6' 155 lbs., seeks hot topman into heavy asswork, FF toys, leather, TT, shaving, lite bondage. S/M more. Willie. PO Box 1245 Indianapolis, IN 46206

ENEMA GIVER

Brig-butt'd tough guy wanted for hot enema-taking. Send P.P.T.J.C., PO Box 020656, Brooklyn NY 11202-0015

SLAVE SEARCH

Mature bearded master accepting detailed applications photo phone from totally committed young men seeking discipline security affection relocation. PO Box 1871 Miami FL 33168

\$6.00 ea.

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W M 36 5'0" 155 lbs. will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

COUNTRY OVER LEATHER

Jeans and casual food. This Top doesn't wear leather. You can. Healthy GWM with lots of meat on his bones looking for bottom possible slave. If you exist. I'll relocate. I'm 37 5'10"-5", Gr A 6'5". Be my working "spouse". Have a career. Your artist master will be home waiting. You slim to muscular BB. Country me wants hairy best—reddy, bare, cute, grizz, or Chicago Bear. City me likes the disciplined uniform—active service, ex-military, or cops. No heavy S&M, no smoking, no kidding, write J.C. PO Box 2479 Kensington MD 2089

SCAT NOVICE

Hot blonde 26 needs guidance to become the BB I know I can become. Need to expand my FF limits and add new exper. (scat, BD). College educated, experienced healthy Am 5'7" and beefy, B and looking for under 35. Willing to serve right man. Box 6767

SCAT NOVICE

Need experienced top to teach, lead me. Pleasure instructions appreciated. Fantasy—fisted & scat at same time. Experienced also in di. dog, Gr P French trips. Photo, phone please. Box 6760

UNIQUE UNIFORMS

WWI sheepskin flight jackets & pants. Air. can or RAF. Yukon jackcoats. Canadian hunter jackets. Full leather uniform on this over 6' 190 lb blue-eyed early 50's total bottom who needs a

top daddy master into unique uniforms to work him over with heavy BT torture. FF bondage dildoes B&D, CBT (no French). All ages, races welcome to reply (picture, if possible). PO Box 476842 Chicago IL 60647

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer blue-collar military or construction types. One of the areas best equipped slave rooms. Request application. Top. PO Box 28652 St. Louis MO 63123

DISCIPLINED

38 5'8" seeks same or redneck cop-type Heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around relationship. Gelf Hewell POB 272364 Concord CA 94527

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BOY

Shy passive boy kid next door (31 5'9" 165 lbs. blue eyes, brown hair and mustache) seeks top muscular dad big brother (30-45) that can guide both in brains (mentor) and brawn (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into leather uniform, and western fantasies. Box 62321 F or call (303) 237-5515

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father son relationship. Should be 18-35 average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S-M bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39 6'2" 175 lbs. brown, blue. Send picture, detailed letter to Dave PO Box 39 Oshtemo MI 49077-0039 (LF6231)

DEEPEST DARKEST FANTASIES

Call and let's talk hot! If machine answers leave explicit message. I'll answer (all 10 pm Pacific) 213 654 2741 after 10 3

SLAVE

6'1" 200 lbs., goodlooking, brown hair brown eyes, 38 years old, a novice looking to become a slave to Master(s) in a long-term relationship. This slave looking for total worship and feeling of belonging to his Master(s). Can relocate myself. Will answer all mail. Last request before ownership is Master(s) to be 40 or under years old. This slave is ready, are you?

HORNY TROLLS WANTED

Attractive, tall, slim built, hairy, 34 GWM wants hot man to man sex with ugly, hung troll. Want to be a sex toy for your sexual pleasures. Must be ugly, hung, 40+ interested, then write (include photo) to Drummer Box 6787

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W M 36 5'10" 155 lbs. will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom 32. Seek to develop contribute to working trusty healthy open sexual relationship in live in setting. Responsible fun (sometimes partying hard) and stable partners buddies. 21 40 desiring third male committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 67051

TATTOOS

Novice GM tattooist seeks correspondence with others interested in or who do Skin Art Exchange. No sex. I'm in North Carolina. Box Alpha

LEATHERMAN

WM 5'6" 135 lbs. 35 yrs old, S-P hair hazel eyes 6'4" cut, goatee. Looking for leather man who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner. Open-minded Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy Son

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, C&T, W S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30 year old BB 5'8" 165 lbs. Top. LF4883

BOTTOM SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy top seeks son bottom for intense physical, mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682 4558 after 6 30 PM Chicago time

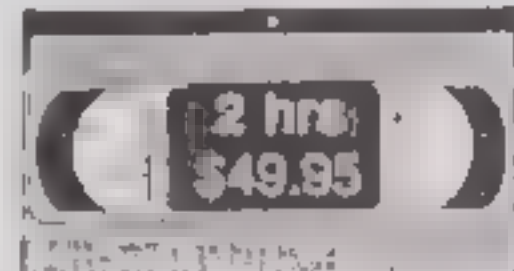
BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38 6'1" 160 lbs. trim hairy, masculine dark hair eyes, reliable. seeks submissive professional. (b) a dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. (c) a great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 63082 F

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but like mail. Pret. skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha

Unique Entertainment for MEN!



Men Behind Bars IV
This entertainment extravaganza is named for the beefy bartenders who teamed up with popular gay comedians, performers, dancers and drag queens for this totally unique variety show. This is a *Limited Edition Tape* - not available in the future. Send \$49.95 plus \$2 shipping to MEN, One United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102. California residents please add 6.5% tax..

MEN

Name _____

Address _____

City/St/Zip _____

MC/Visa# _____

☐ VHS ☐ Beta/\$1

Exp _____

USED COPIES WHEN AVAILABLE

\$10.00 ea.

GENTLE MASTER

50s, tall, slender bald glasses educated seeks thin quality-type live-in slave capable of obedience, giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter, photo, and phone now to Box LF 6309. All applications answered Box 6309LF.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

15 for consideration as a live-in boy. I have for week-week training. Be good slave or be ready to walk out. I will be here Master is 36, 200 lbs, blue blind, demanding, has leather boots, whips, bondage, pain, service suffering and servitude. Hank (612) 690-4167 LF6457.

DESERT MANEUVERS

MC SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop, other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian, 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve or be used, abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TT, sweat, L/L, kinky. Occ. PO Box 91161 Henderson, NV 89009.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, gently open-minded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF.

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42" waist, 31" waist, 8" cut) and attitude seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF.

FATHER FIGURE WANTED

26-year-old GWM, 165 lbs., 5'10", hot, subversive seeks older, successful Master, dad to serve. I'm educated, professional, talented, love creative play and of bad willing. I will be a daddy. Give me a daddy. I will be a daddy. Bearded cigar smokers are my visual ideal, but your actions and attitude outweigh appearances. Interested? Please respond with honest letter and photo. Box 6759.

HEAVY PHYSICAL ABUSE-S/M

Hungry for the sadistic, dick dripping, sexual lust to trade off graphic Stockade/PDw stories with other sadistic men who delight in writing about mercenary "Rambo-type" straight studs, violently subjugated, under protest and against their will to the brutality of forcible sexual violation, deliberate and unrelenting torture and execution by hanging. Box 6757.

GUILLOTINE

Full-sized machine available, complete with basic H desired. For information about The Machine, please respond to box 6753.

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular trim, well-built master 38, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary weekend who is firm under 36, well built, information accepted but will expand. Please welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 LF6453.

HELL NIGHT

swim rock interested in your initiation stories. Would like to find pledge master in Richmond, Virginia area. Box 8739.

HOT PUP SEEKS INTENSE DAD

Goodlooking, clean-cut, masculine, educated and hard-working 30-year-old, 5'7", 150 lbs boy with blond hair and blue eyes deserves relationship with masculine, intelligent man 45 and under. Facial looks and race unimportant but hard body is. Into SB and to act as trainer/coach for son, a man who is capable of guidance through mental and physical domination plus the ability to strike a balance of being powerful, sometimes (sexually) brutal yet caring and a positive, protective force. Boy is an excellent cocksucker with long hanging shaved bull balls that beg for abuse. Nice boy-dick that needs slapped and pulled on by strong hands. Shaved pecs need hard, punching fists to make them red-hot only to be soothed by a man's tongue, spit and piss. Pleading eyes that beg for a slap on the ass, a fist on the jaw and a clenching, choking and around his neck. A mouth that craves deep tonguing, spit, sweat and rough cock plowing plus a virgin, pussy-boy butthole that needs a sheathed cock buried deep inside it. Also want to experience VA, bondage, cock control, gloves, rubber hoods, leather and boot licking. This boy has no family, is only into SAFE SEX but NOT into bars, booze, drugs, feds, gay scene, fantasy or bullshit. Want a real man—a real relationship. Chicago area. Possibly relocate for right man. Answer only with photo (returned) and descriptive letter. C mon Dad—in the face of the AIDS nightmare, isn't it time to finally settle down and have the best of both worlds? Box 6742.

WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar minded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm B/W &/or color film. Write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls, MN 55408.

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M 42 5'9" 150 lbs. beard, pierced, seeks in shape black and others. No pain to rule. I will be a daddy. Give me a daddy. I will be a daddy. Bearded cigar smokers are my visual ideal, but your actions and attitude outweigh appearances. Interested? Please respond with honest letter and photo. Box 6759.

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy, houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25 intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and junk with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF.

WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage, safe, physical intimacy. Model room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47' 8" 175 lbs, employed, tall, dark and GO handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF.

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncult, seeks 18 to 35 to 5'9" masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports. This hot bull Dad craves verbal abuse, mid ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124 (LF6242).

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

32 5'10" 160, hairy, bearded, versatile, seeks buddies into leather. Levis, boots, uniforms, SSM, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue Chicago IL 60640.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27 5'11", 140, black/hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF.

LEATHER/RUBBER/RAUNCH

Two bearded, booted, hung leather/rubber studs into cigars, piss, scat, aroma seek other hot, raunchy men under 40 with similar interests. Upper Midwest some US, Europe travel. Box 6748.

DEAR AM—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots, bondage, hoods, oil, jocks, biking, softball, weights, rigid service, shaving, C&B, work, hot tube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF.

ANSWER THIS AD

only if you are of superior intelligence, sadistic, trust worthy, healthy, nice looking. Masochist offers lifetime partnership, based upon rape, gratifying our mutual perversions. Relocation possible. Box 6729.

MUSCLELEATHER

If you're turned on by well-built men over 35 who need the feel and smell of leather, then this 5'6", 165 lbs. bodybuilder wants to hear from you. Muscle and leather is what I'm into. If you are serious about this combination, write me. Your photo gets mine. Box 6237LF.

NEED CONTROL/TRAINING?

Responsible 6' 180 lb, 7" hairy-bodied Dad seeks honest, obedient, masculine caring son, 18-40, able to relocate in Northwest. Not live-in. Bondage, spanking, enforced periodic chastity, milking, restrictive/penetrating stretching locking/clamping devices, piercing, corporal punishment, exercise, ball toughening, full-time genital harness. Box 4675LF.

SHAVEN PIG

W/M, blond, good shape, good looks, 29, shaven to crotch, ripe smelly pits, crotch, ass, O-g, sweat, smelt, piss and shit, fuckin' and sucking, pissing and shit, looking for a nice, somewhat dominant W/M in good shape. Write 5'11" 165 lb, chest 31" waist 28" with a fatty stunk body into long, some sweaty fuck sessions. New England area or I can have anywhere. Good description in letter and phone makes photo optional. Box 6748.

SAFE RAUNCH

Wanted men any race. Age 25-55. Must be top or mutual into W/S, shit, BQ, verbal abuse, spankings, fantasies. All scenes done safely. I am 23 Black and muscular. Relationship possible. No Satanists. Letter, photo, phone appreciated. Box 6736.

300# GWM SADIST MASTER 48

Any age, race, looks, but slim, skinny or muscular build. Long sessions 2 or 3 times daily. Relationship possible. Send photo with description, experience along with name, address and other details. Mr. Jones, PO Box 3116, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433.

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative master rugged attractive early 40s, offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. W/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all. Tom Box 28852 St. Louis, MO 63123. Box 5760LF.

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot willing male cunt/pussy deserves harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash, I will welcome your dick or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF.

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young villa stud looking for someone to fuck, to snip around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126.

BONDAGE, WHIPPING, AND TORTURE!

Turned on by movie torture scenes of muscular heroes and diabolical villains? Like Cavolo rather than leather? W/M, 38, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, healthy, nice guy, seeks similar young, in-shape buddy for hot, sweaty, erotic, injury-free scenes. Good fun, great sex possible permanent relationship. Box 6129LF.

TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS I-95

Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let a drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. In mid 30s, well built/endowed. Box 6724 Savannah GA 31414.

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr Gr hot ass buns, FF spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF. Prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chattanooga, TN; Des Moines to Cleveland, Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF.

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience, up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be, and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, C&B, TT. Box 6521.

MANHOLE SPECIALIST—SKIER

Goodlooking W/M, 47, total top FF seeks handsome snow skier companion, bottom under 42, who likes butt opened for a day or season of skiing. Call Long Beach (213) 438-0917.

DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos, phone or in person (Macintosh user). Box 6732LF. International Postage equated.



The CONNECTER, Inc.

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best thing to
being there...**

**Make a FREE call
for information to**

1-800-666-0690

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ten cents—or less—per minute!

RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

185 lbs. youthful, goodlooking, masculine Navy vet no vices, disease free, sensible intelligent middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You want a sizeable, operating ranch, farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discipline, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF

LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM 29 5'5", 135 lbs., bottom looking for tough demanding TOPS into S.M. B.D. C.B.T. T. whips, electricity, leather boots, toys, play-rooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S.M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF

HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk all Rob anytime. 312-472-5664

ENEMA BOY WANTED

Relaxed, laid-back, nonleather GWM Daddy, Master 45, 6' 190 good physique hairy, balding big dong safe. Seeks submissive boy, good physique (prefer smooth), CRAZY for SOAPY ENEMAS (plus??), no anal must travel. Revealing photo(s) phone, detailed letter to Rob-Personal, Box 870, Manor TX 76653

B G BEAR

GWM, 39 6'8" 320# beard blonde (bald on top), moderately hairy, cut, playful. Seeks HAIRY men (all shapes and sizes), BEARS, belies, heavy fat men, mustaches, beards for not salesax, gentle to rough, cuddling, massage, TITPLAY, sweat, wrestling, body-punching etc. Leather trucker/biker/farmer blue-collar types welcome. Write with photo to PO Box 3992 Rock Island IL 61204-3992

DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN

Top and bottom, Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Vhage (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gatherings every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St. New York NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feet/sax/gym/shoes/thick toes/sweat odors/poker/sweat/rough punches/ domination/ order/straining/leather boots/tough submission. Box 3338LF

ATLANTA COUPLE

would like to exchange photos of leathermen who enjoy bondage. Photos of you gets photos of us. Photos of hoods, gags and hard-boned muscles a plus. PO Box 55125 Atlanta GA 30308

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM 40 5'11" 195, brn hair and eyes seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on?? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want. Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged. Get your leather ready!! Box 5514LF

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, light butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33 Riner VA 24149

RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43 5'10", 160 beard, uncult, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T enemas, catheterization, Salanism, etc. Box 6438LF

EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER

who is also bottom into FF dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

MOTORCYCLE MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204 Richmond, VA 23226 (LF6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auctioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30 anxious to please and train for 88 compulsion for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6', 190 lbs. wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader book collector. Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in LA. Plea to Box 6349LF

PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11" 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(s) whose interests would include total mental, physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background college Air Force, construction, crane, heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising, training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sing, is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507 Florissant MO 63033

WRESTLE DAD TIL HE'S HAD

Wrestle Daddy's hot ass down on the mat. If you're good you can pin him. And fuck him in 4 minutes flat. For a change of pace fuck and sit on his face—His hands tied in back with his nose up your crack. Bob, Miami 305 274-4773 after midnight. Travel everywhere. Box 6509LF

DEAR SIR: WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36 tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30 smooth, hard well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master Suite 296 105 Charles St. Boston MA 02114 (617) 437 1821 (LF5304)

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FF Top white, 47 good-looking 5'8", 155 lbs. brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape FF Bottom, for long, safe butt sessions. Available traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FF Bottoms Nationwide. PO Box 3912 Long Beach CA 90803 or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex also welcome to apply.

BRUTAL MASTERS

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrocution, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave, 28 and like to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6447, Vhage, VA. Postage required.

COWBOYS, TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for a hot but safe time. One 5'9" 165 WM, 40s. Second, 6'1", 185 WM 50. Located near I-95. Stop to explore your desires. If interested drop a note so we can send you a phone number. Box 6225LF

SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER

In service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, bear piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, B, kneups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum Buddy! Box 6347

ALABAMA

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44 5'8" 165 seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

BOOT LOVING BOTTOM

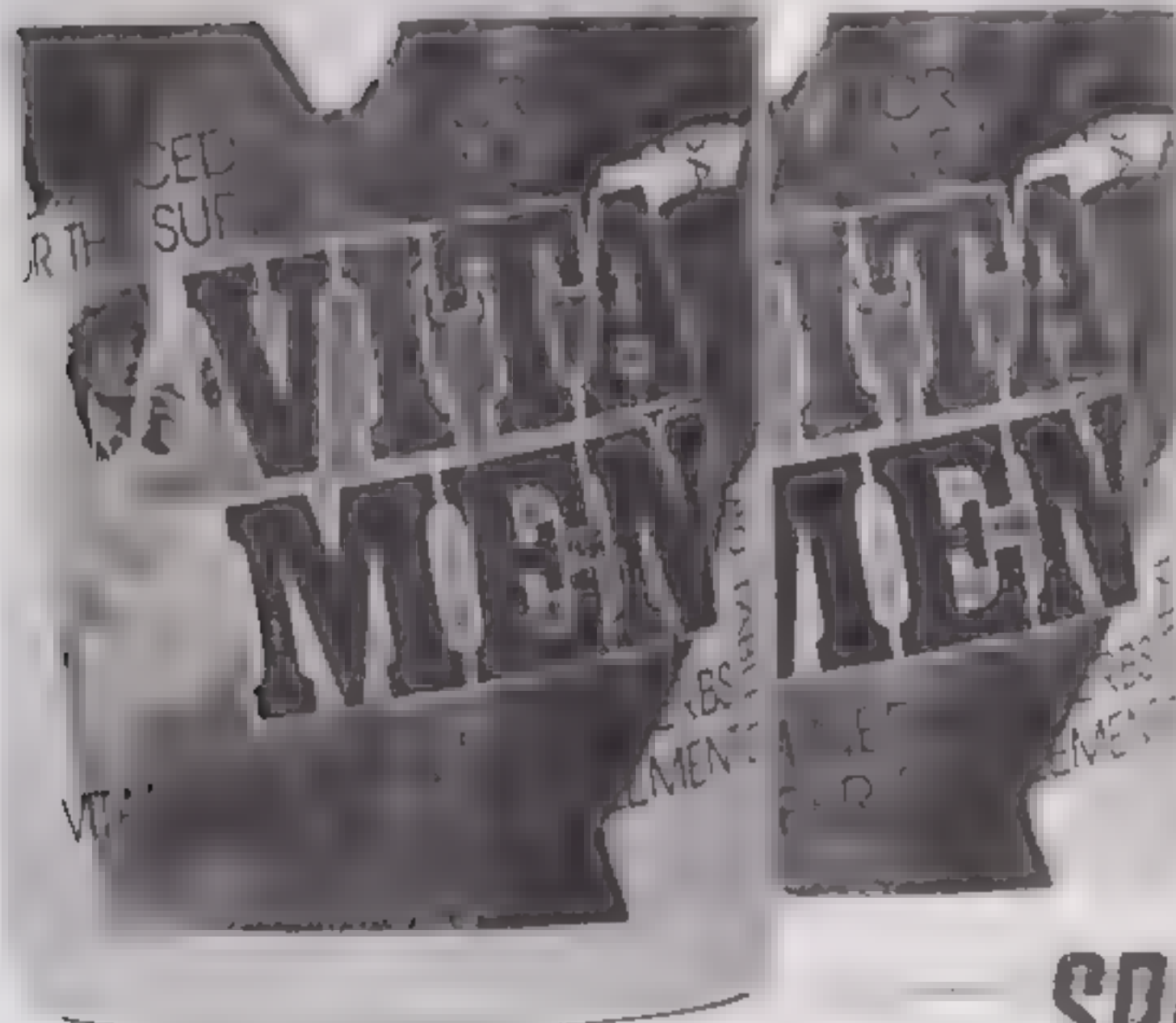
29 year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet wild and kinky. Please use a big honkin' bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix AZ 85082-0245 (LF6204)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LET'S BE TOGETHER

Are you an older, but not old, stable, healthy, good and healthy man? Master/slave relationship, a mutual partnership, "happy ending", making a good and profitable business out of it? I am a 47 year old, well built, intelligent, caring, healthy, live, has a good wife and a second home in the South. My Original name is "Mango" and still go by "Mango" and a lot of people know me. I am semi-retired, still work my contracting business part-time. I love building wood, sailing ship models, also enjoy photography and fine woodworking as hobbies. I am also interested in working for an ecologically and economically sound, livable and just world in which to live. My volunteer activities range from the local block association to efforts at getting national health care in America. I enjoy card and board games, a good discussion on solving the world's problems, shared hobbies or just relaxation and meditation. A good movie or nice walk makes a wonderful evening out. I'm totally open about who and what I am—neither hide nor flaunt it. I want to share with you the open and excellent relations I have with my family. Holidays together with family would be wonderful! I want to travel through life with a nice older man of kindred spirits, sharing mind, body, soul, ideals—maybe career (am open to learning a new line of work or sharing my present skills). If you're retired we can share hobbies, travel, volunteer activities. We are both healthy, have been careful, want to be monogamous, don't care much for smoking or drinking, don't use drugs at all. Life has many wonderful natural highs. Why drown that in chemicals? Taking ourselves and not trying to be something else is really important. Our natural scents and tastes are one of life's high points. A bath once or twice a week is fine, more often only strips away our wonderful natural scent. I'd love to have you sit on my face, farting up my nose, maybe drop a turd in my mouth—whatever comes naturally as I sniff your hot, pungent, brown hole and lovingly caress and refresh it with my warm, wet tongue. And relieve you by taking your dick in my mouth to swallow down your sperm, maybe a leak now and then too. Plus lots of good old-fashioned holding, cuddling, being secure in each other's arms. This is such a glorious expression of manly love that spans the generations. I'm not into toys, substances, pain or strong role-playing. I do want close, deep relations on all levels—in and out of bed through good times and bad times. If you truly relate to what I've said, I want to hear from you (include phone). I'm writing this for far more than a quick fling—so read it over and do some serious thinking—then if you feel we may be good for one another, man, I would like to make contact very much. Ken Bowers 5626 Scoville Oakland CA 94621

NOW YOU HAVE TWO REASONS TO BUY VITA MEN



30 DAY SUPPLY

You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

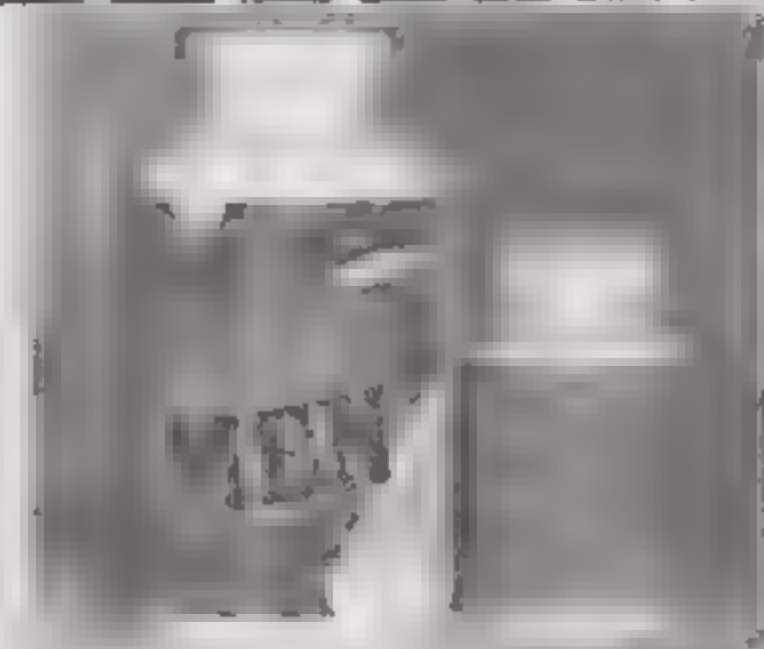
And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu, along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what is going around, we honestly feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert.

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

SPECIAL 2 for 1 OFFER!



VITA-MEN LABS
Box 42009
San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Quick! Before this offer expires, send me TWO month's supply of VITA-MEN for the price of one—\$24.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____



San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited

BODYBUILDER TOP

N M 5'11" 45" c, 34" w, 17" a, 24" thighs
moustache bald oversexed into light S&M
ne bondage light torture, face-lucking
licking, rimming, hot sweaty action! Interests
animal workouts Sci-Fi movies, ethnic foods
you **VERSATILE** non-pushy moustache 30+
yr PO Box 5233 San Francisco CA 94101
No drugs PFA Relationship possible

BONDAGE SLAVE

to long-term bondage confinement sensory
deprivation captivity & punishment into the
everest, lightest, most mescapable prolonged
either bondage Plan to move to San Francisco
in May 1989 I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs Box
6786

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship
Son must be very much together aged 20 to
45, like home life Preferences may be dis-
cussed. Daddy is a writer has been into S M
scene for years Send picture and we can talk
Box 5461

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white)
bears Big tall hairy bears with thick fat, long
licks Bellies a+ but not a must I'm 5'0"
brown hair and eyes, average build and not
a S M, just good old-fashioned roll-in the
day sex Send photo to Box 5151

SLAVE NEEDS TO BE TRAINED

And disciplined by Master Daddy. Slave
craves physical and verbal abuse wants
Master to share slave with his friends. My
pleasure is bondage boots restraints, F F ti
and butt work, collars, leather gangbang, S M
watersports, toys, humiliation getting fucked
paddled spankings, chains & servicing my
Master I am young black male 5'10" 145 lbs
8 in cul Black hair and mustache brown eyes
Send photo, phone & letter to Box 6676LF

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35 5'10" 140 lbs 6'10" smooth Primarily
relationship-oriented Enjoy coffee, CBT TT
boot leather service Looking for educated
stable man to serve—hopefully on a long
term basis SF Photo appreciated all answered
Box 66 9LF

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys seeks
one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who
knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy
seeking JOers and limp-wristed faeries who
wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond
Sadist is into whipping gut wrenching CBT TT
padding and whatever other persons the M
wishes to pick 5 is tall, early 40s, cul
nonsmoker neg. intel health and safety con-
scious M must be neg. nonsmoker cut 30-45
good cocksucker and relationship-oriented Not
into FF scat. damage Box 6407

HOT SLIM MUSCULAR BOTTOM

6'3", 170# muscular, masculine dark hair
(crewcut), dark eyes, handsome, ex-military
into prolonged Ass Play (FFA Dildoes, TT CBT
Hard dicks) Leather is big turn-on (better
than being naked) Want to experience B.O
hoods, hot dreams with hot, trim, muscular
loving Top men with hot hands and big dongs
PO Box 14574 San Francisco CA 94114-0574
or Box 6631LF

WANTED SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

GWM Couple Moving to Russian River or
Coastal area. 1st Leather Daddy Top ONLY 38,
6'1" chubby Cul thick 7", 2nd Versatile Levi
Type 43, 5'8" Cul 5 1/2", 150 lbs Wanted
man boy, versatile with small ass & waist
(small or medium frame) who is Always Horny
and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 ONLY Into
Jockstraps, Gym Gear Safe & Safe Light
B&D Trnwork, Toys, Tongue Bath, Assplay,
Massages, Kissing & Cuddling, and also into
leather or levis a must Write Sire Phone &
Photo & Letters, for a Permanent Position &
possible Relocation Box 6408LF

SLIM SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM 30 looking for hot big-dicked top/dad
buddy Too independent for slave but want to
experience leather Especially like hairy, uncut
Prefer 33-45 honest sans aware I'm 5'6"
140 brn grn. more than curious and ready
So go ahead write w photo Box 6209LF

TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin'
lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that
needs to get used and abused into just about
everything as long as it's kinky and safe
Looking for buddies into outdoor sex hunting
and hot workouts on the range Box 6318LF

ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker Novice pig slave needs
training into all ass raunch, especially farts
food, stretched holes shit smearing Need
Tops bottoms and combinations for heavy
duty ass sucking service I need dirty ass,
verbal abuse shitty cock 41 attractive bull
obedient Please Sir send # Box 6682LF

JUDGE JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23 year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160
lbs blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy
whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose
into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes
military bondage, leather VA, hoods gags
Siring me up Sir! All scenes, people consid-
ered Box 6310LF

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'8" 170 blond nazer
Bottom 35, 6'2" 165 brown/blue Looking
for bottoms or couples who are into leather
FF dildoes, CBT catheters, fims Boods and
especially long ass play. Lover is "to be trained"
FF dildoes and is an animal lover Let's go
weaked out and do a leather anal invasion
209) 576-2260 (LF6319)

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

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T/T
CB/T
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HAIRY
PIERCED
DADDIES
DOCKING
ALL OF THE ABOVE**

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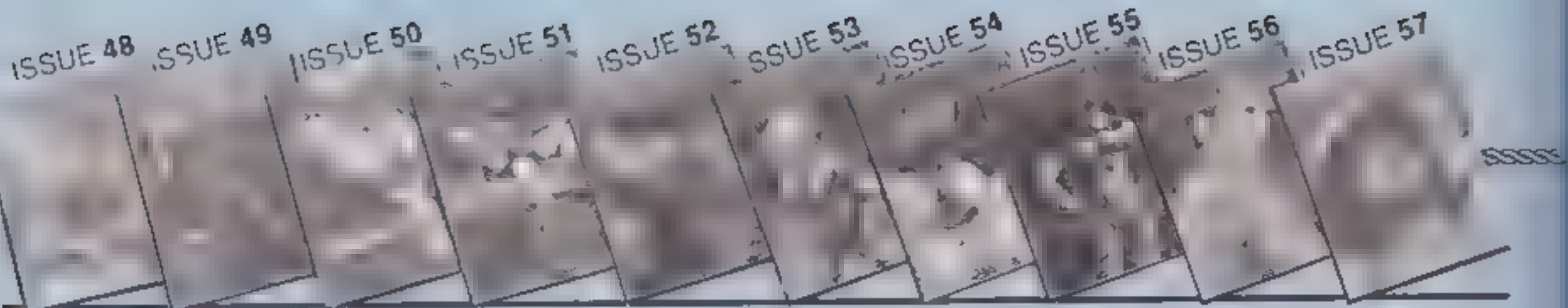
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CA residents add 6 1/2% tax

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CITY _____
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VHS _____
SIGNATURE _____

I am over 21 years of age

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WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046

ALTOMAR . . . where fantasy lives!



SMELLY COCKS D RTY ASSHOLES

EXCITE ME: Hearty GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on by smelly uncut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squal over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how smelly! Phone # & horny letter: Box 6371LF. Hurry.

WANTED BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6' 160 lbs. blue beard and mustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy vA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE S & OPS who feel comfortable wearing boots & gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF.

HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL

Small, submissive female to male transsexual bearded, muscular masculine, with pussy instead of cock/balls; wants big, dominant bear for occasional, regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without) addictions, adornments, jewelry, scents, deodorants, smoking, same. No scat, W S, torture, just safe sex, bondage. Box 6783LF.

SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts. I'll submit -- and then going farther? I'm 6' 1" 155# blond athletic, 7.5 with nuts of steel! Photo: PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6775LF.

SEEKING HOT BONDAGE SADIST

Hot WM 47 looking for big-dicked sadist into B/D, W/S, whips, built toys, slings, safe sex, condoms, prefer PWA like me who is staying in life's hot times and safely. Box 6775LF. W photo & description.

1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nation-wide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous, long-term relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive. HIV Neg, substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring human being who behaves in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to SIR, PO Box 166, Guerneville, Calif 95446. Box 6786LF.

TOP BOY NEEDED

To break four mouthed, cocky jock. Interested in being tied up, then gagged, strapped down or strung up, taped, mummified, spanked, clamped, dicked, plugged, pissed on, dumped on, photographed, exhibited, used against my will. Fuck cooperation, voluntary submission, fake bondage. Want a real challenge, complete immobilization, slow torture, humiliation, degradation, 1-2 days, no escape, no mercy. Will hold still for first rope only. I'm 34, 5' 7", 140, handsome, clean-shaven, smooth, gymnast bod, white ass, big dick, hiv-neg. You young, lean, tough, clean-cut or punk. Not into clones, dads, hairy apes. We play rough but safe and sane. My piss, shit, if forced, no blood, no damage, no FF. Photo letter gets response. Box 6743.

COMPULSIVE RAUNCH STUD

Likes urine, nuts, nipples, feet, penis, leather, spit, boots, armpits, cockslobber, cigars, degradation, odor, beer, queer talk, mindfuck. Real good-looking. 31, 5' 11", 155, solid, healthy, bearded, intelligent, versatile bottom. Wants masculine dude under 40 into any of the above. Box 6143LF.

BODY WORSHIP SEX BUDDY

29-year-old blond-blue 5' 10" 155# masculine athletic gym-fit clean-cut, boy-next-door is ready and raring to admire, worship and orally service hot topman with humpy body, BBs, athletes (football & coach types), cops, firemen, construction workers, cowboys, etc. into posing, flexing, showing it off, giving verbal abuse, being boss! Body and cocky confident dominant attitude before all else. Write with photo. Could have heck of a good time. Scott. Box 6749.

FAST LEARNER

Very handsome 29, 6' 165 lbs. in-shape dude seeks healthy studs for W S and scat scenes. New to the trip but catches on quickly. Box 6750.

DOMINANT SON SOUGHT

By Military Man-Submissive Dad. Am WM 40, 6' 180 lbs. Looking for younger man who wants to dominate man in uniform. White only, clean-cut preferred. Box 6756.

RUBBER

I've got new rubber sheet and jeans and want to meet buddies with similar interests. Box 6756.

KINKY J.O.—RADICAL SAFESEX

Regular parties. Responsible promiscuity. Slutty intimacy. Send telephone # to POB 1363 SF 94101.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town 5' 8" 135 lbs. 32 yrs. copper beard, furry 6' capped oversized, a topper seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a togetherness stud & turn him into his butch son slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me. If you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark. PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF6439).

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented 35, 5' 10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must! PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425).

SM OR SOUGHT

By mature active GWM with stamina and drive for intense wild, extended, safe scenes. Looking for Top into medical trips of all types. Let's meet, play and experiment together. Guarantee reply but interest is to meet. Not correspond. POB 31782 SF CA 94131.

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy. Likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 36, 5' 6", 120 lbs. smooth body. Box 6486LF.

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV. No drugs, please. Box 6477.

SEEKING S F LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S F leatherman seeks training by experienced level-headed top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF.

ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If you place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might quickly be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, bad weights, whipping, padding, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter and phone to Box 4988LF.

DEAR SIR YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity. Wanted: sexy trim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather, harness, bondage, paddle and more. Inexperience Okay. I'm WM, 165 lbs. 35, handsome, with dark features, together safe and imaginative. Send photo (preferred) self-description, and your ideas. Box 6561LF.

WET AND WILD

I'm 5' 6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. into watersports (non-oral), life, bondage, leather, jocktraps, bi-play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs. into same. Box 6370.

LOOK NG

Was S O M into FF, WS, GP, FR, A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the S/O, Hothouse, toys, playroom, creatively, sensually, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5' 6", 155, brn brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service. Trip music. Box 6554LF.

HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

ASS WORSHIP

Squal your hole over my face and let me slurp on it. Good-looking husky 33-yr-old GWM male seeking white and Latin men who love their butts sniffed, kissed, licked, sucked on and eaten out. Also into T/T, W S, V-A, pits, feet and kilt raunch. Buddy scenes OK. 6622LF.

MASCULINE, REAL

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs. 6' 180# brn ol masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF.

NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50s, 190 lbs. good body, pierced tits, HIV NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced versatile Top prefer 50-50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

YOUR PATIENT

Japanese 35, 5' 6", 135. Trim health-conscious need doctor to give me complete naked physical examination with instruments all my body. Possible photo. Box 6667.

63-YR OLD GRANDDAD

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck rim, drink & submit to V-A, B/D, G S & Raunch. Any combination all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

HIV POS BOY WANTED

HIV+ WM, 44, 5' 11", 170# mustache, bald swimmer's build, leather/military mindset, demanding but understanding, sensitive, caring, non-bar. You trim, mustache, need leader support. Discipline? employed, quiet, well-behaved, passive, respectful, light leather play. No drugs, FFA, headtrips, power plays. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94103.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5' 6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short, lightweight Master into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Very handsome, masculine, muscular bottom. L/L BM 39, 6' 1", 178 lbs. healthy, intelligent athlete. Needs training in B/D, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged asplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane. Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF.

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Hiding your big, thick dick and butt balls turn me on! Kick back, relax while GWM 47 cut big dick, eagerly sniffs around, worships your balls and man meat. You're tops, always! Give Directions? All answered. Send brief note to Box 761 SF CA 94101.

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Very experienced uninhabited bottom, with well-equipped playroom for prolonged heavy scenes. Seeks pure Tops that can push expand mind limits. Box 6721.

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Sf deep-throat expert 40s seeks virile probably straight man for regular complete servicing on non-reciprocal basis only. Body hair, fore-skin absolutely required. No pain, bondage or toys. Box 6722.

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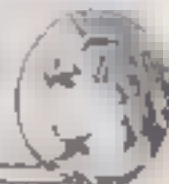
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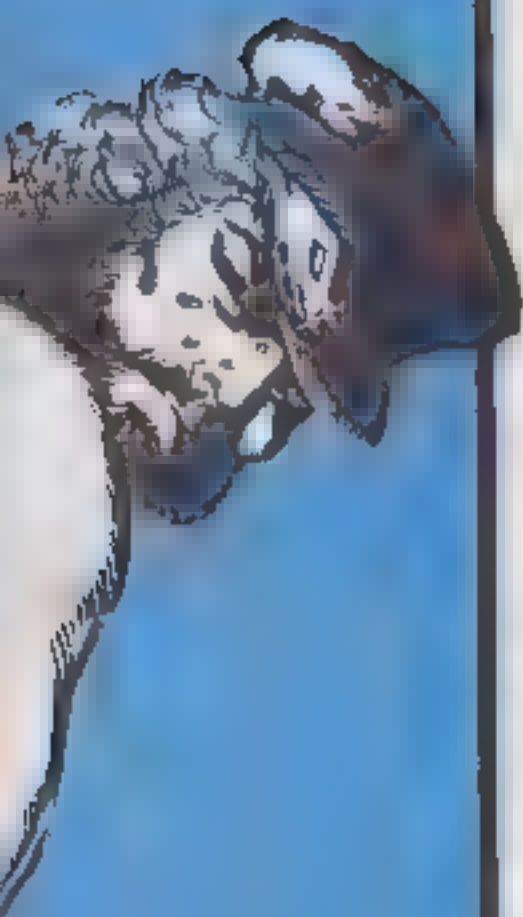
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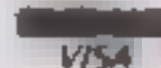
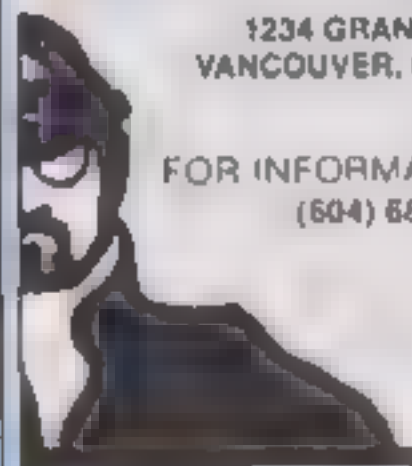
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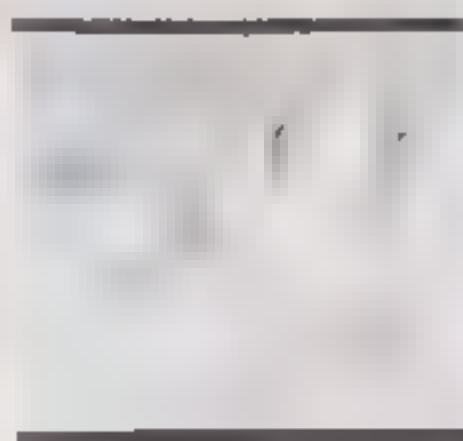
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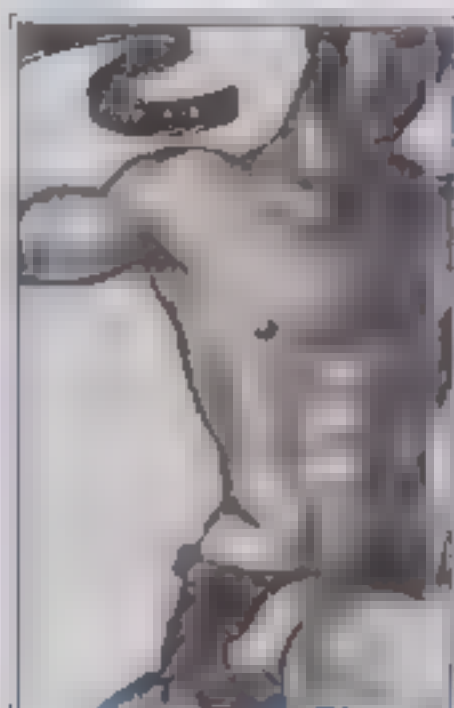


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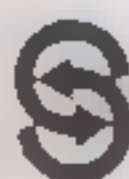
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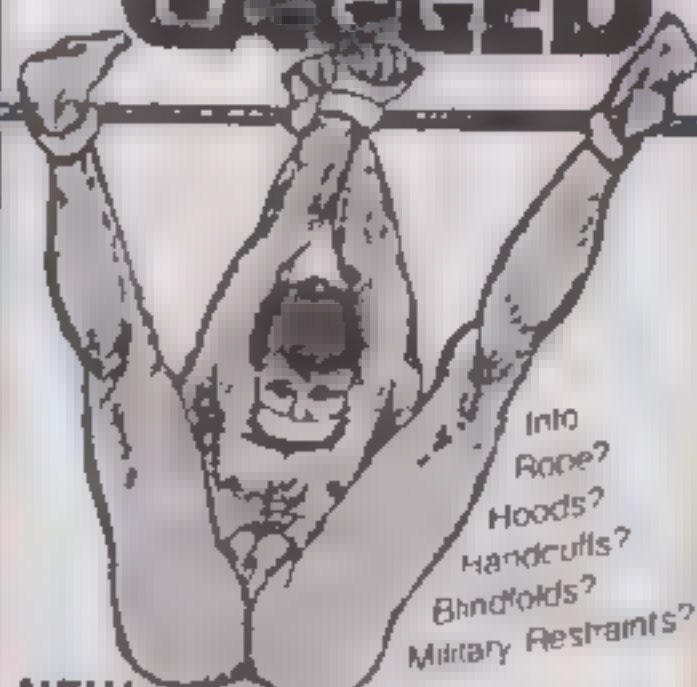
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WM 43. 5' 160# seeks sensual versatile his fuckers or erotic mutual ass. cock ball hit play Novices OK Palm Springs 619) 321 28 9

BLK, GREY RED&? BUDDY

Seek imaginative stable, fit, hairy chest 35+ leather lvn dom buddy to share dreams scenes, challenges & more. Am same. 4'11" 72" 185 n-shape cu. p-nips stretched BR grey Bl. Hzi GWM healthy antibody + non 12 step smoke sensual-n-hot Educ B trainable owhoria & mobile prof & love sleaze intimacy & intensity Foto-n-phone recip'd, Graham Box 5412LF

LONG THICK CIGARS COCKS

Muscular WM 28. 8' 180 lbs. 240# smoking top into a hot bottom. I want rough sex I want it hot sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45 and experienced (mustache prefer ed) Call 818 889-5475 or send letter w photo Box 6777LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom. 47 into serious bondage, mummification, immobilization isolation sensory deprivation and S&M (CB T T f, Asa.) scenes. Safe sex only Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 1pm-9am '8 B 843 5428 Burbank Box 6767LF

NEED MACHO SADIST

55 year old former champion Top needs macho award leather master sadist for 24 hour scenes. Race age no barrier Please Sir photo and phone. Will pay expenses. Box 6744

DOCTOR NEEDED

WM 5'11" 165 41 slender needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible Box 674

MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

ATTENTION: ASIAN SLAVES

Master 32 short and chunky, requires The Chinese or Latino to serve his every need. You should be dedicated to his lifestyle. Beginner OK but you must be serious. I am White Ron PO Box 3886, Alhambra CA 91803

SHORT DOMINANT TOP WANTED

by short overweight GWM early 40s. Not used tattooed tits into body work. I want spanking, litwork. White Marshall 110 Hacienda Place, #402 West Hollywood, CA 90069

HANDSOME JOCKS ONLY

Exceptionally goodlooking GWM 27 6' 15 lbs. brown blue, great body, tan, smooth hung & healthy wants to be gag teased and pump college jock 18-29. Must be built & straight-acting. Photo required. Jeff PO Box 693 Costa Mesa CA 92627

SAFE W'S. SPANKING

Very hung masculine athletic muscular and HIV negative 5'7" 28 yrs Danny 7965 Santa Monica Blvd #109-361 West Hollywood CA 90046

WANTED

Handsome clean-cut Nazi-master for young Jew-slave PO Box 69A04 LA CA 90069

ENFORCED, INVOLUNTARY JERK-OFF PUNISHMENT

Hot muscular big-dicked, all-American, 21-39 White jock animal wanted for lock-up detention and exceedingly slow long continued enforced jerk-off punishment by horny sadistic kickass Black cop. Jock muscle to be arrested, frisked, strip-searched, handcuffed and thoroughly manhandled prior to being spread-eagled, chained and shackled to a heavy wooden cross, with tit clamps fastened to his nipples, with his foot leather anchored, and dangling from his balls. Uniformed officer luxuriates in jacking jock's cockmeat, abusing & punishing it, torturing it, slowly milking it to violent orgasm. Jock animal cums only when his cop boss allows. If you love this, fuck off! If you know you need it, have to have it, write. Mandatory photo to PO Box 2524 Chino CA 91708. Must be wildass, unruly and cuss a lot for this fantasy to work.

FRIENDS PLAYMATES

Two dominant WM professionals (43, 45) seek other couples or singles in the Ventura area for friendship, companionship and ?? variety of interests. Age unimportant, health, intelligence and personality very important. Write to SHACK, Box 621DLF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom. 47 into serious bondage, mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation and S&M (CB T T f, Asa T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM - 9 AM. 818 843 5428

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy fit masculine sexy bottom 40 6' 65" mustache likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks lvn-loving kinky cocky safe small handed young men older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture letter gets same. Chris Lee PO Box 39703, LA CA 90019 1LF6320

ANIMALS

WM 33 5'10" 165 lbs. very hot horny wants to meet experienced novice in scene. Returnable photo, letter gets same. Box 6726 LF

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34 bottom, husky and honest, looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy (714) 220 0513 6566LF

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9 X7 mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28 6'5" 220# dark hair & eyes, misch & hry. Have live-in, full time KEPT positions avail. Serious slaves lving for a serious commitment should send application w photo & phone to Marcus, Box 6726LF

KINKY PLAYMATES FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me clean-shaven 31 5'10" 165 lbs. uncult in-shape top. You height, weight proportionate. 21-45 in LA Long Beach area. Ethnic, beginners welcome. Send letter photo (no photo no reply) to Box 6473LF

EXHIBITIONIST

33 B/W M horny and sexy hung and hot built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w other hunks. Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S M B D W S. imagination. Give accept the challenge. Let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499 4079. No J O calls. Box 6562

POMONA-ONTARIO

Masculine WM 42 6'1" 250# interested in masculine especially macho guys in the Pomona-Juana-Ontario area. S M B D B&T SCAT etc unimportant. A good masculine guy who would like buddying with an intelligent interesting successful straight-type guy is prefer over 6'1" 200# but non essential. Letter Photo to T.O.C. 12475 Central Avenue # 54 Chino California 91710 714 597 8095 Box 6560LF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include vA, bondage, boots, TT, CBT, wax shaving and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at: Puppy, Box 148 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109 West Hollywood CA 90046

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Brund bodybuilder 29 6' 180 extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submissio. Photo a must. 8121 Santa Monica Boulevard Apt 644 West Hollywood 90069

HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM 5'10" 165 pounds hairy 7' but seeks partner for mutual kink and safe raunch frenks who is also HIV positive. In leather SM role playing, safe scat scenes, bikes and lots more. Send letter phone and photo to PO Box 244 #131 Santa Monica Blvd West Hollywood CA 90069

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and ready to be abused. Novice 48 170 lbs. hungry and submissive seeking expert level handed top who respects minds to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped immobilized tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally. My tight round firm buns glow. I'll use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and or friends. Toys some lit work but no heavy pain. No WS FF scat shaving drugs, garbage please. Submissive and respectful but not humiliated bottom. GW 8640 Joeline Drive Denver CO 80229 (303) 288-4109 Box 6780LF

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM 5'10" 170 lbs. muscular ve same seeks similar for mutual safe sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37 Riverside CT 06818 (203) 856-2053 9-9 30 a.m. M-F

LEASH, COLLAR, DOG BOWL

Save WM 39 NL seeks part-time master to service your needs. Training via vA, humiliation, bondage, TT & C&B. Expect hogging of master is displeased. POB 264 E Hartford CT 06118

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Bear trucker type self-employed carpenter WM 5'4" 160 36 bearded hairy, pierced cock into levis, bicycled beer sweat catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax cock modification, electricity. Right stud will try? Blue collar bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo, phone same. Box 6677LF

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM 47 6'4" 200 lbs into tit ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience wr to a descriptive letter. PO Box 95 East Glastonbury, CT 06025 Box 6672LF

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns proportionate to stature. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, about 6'11", non racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel. Photo appreciated. Box 6426LF

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 42 5'11" 175 45 chest 30 waist well built together longer erotic lean muscular non-smoker who abuse whipping, satesex. Ex-military special warfare. Related to Prince of Arabia, Mishima, Son of G. 9 Weeks image 'Beauty Trilogy JW. PO Box 44029 Ft Washington, MO 20744 LF5030

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GWM 40 5'0" 160 lbs mustache goatee seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and homosexual. Special turn-ons include litwork, hair rats. PO Box 2341 Manassas VA 22110 1LF4696

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B, work, whippings and whatever else Master deems for proper training. Slave is 35 200 5'11" blond, lit body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

FLORIDA

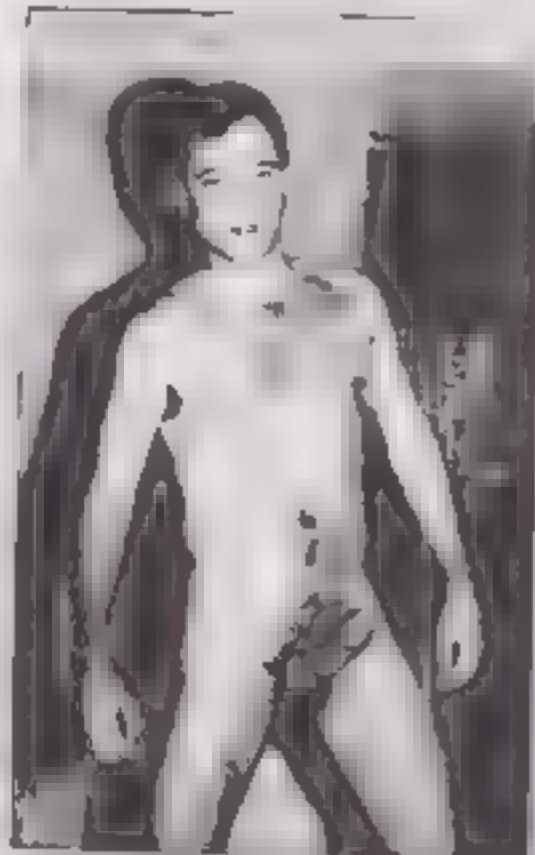
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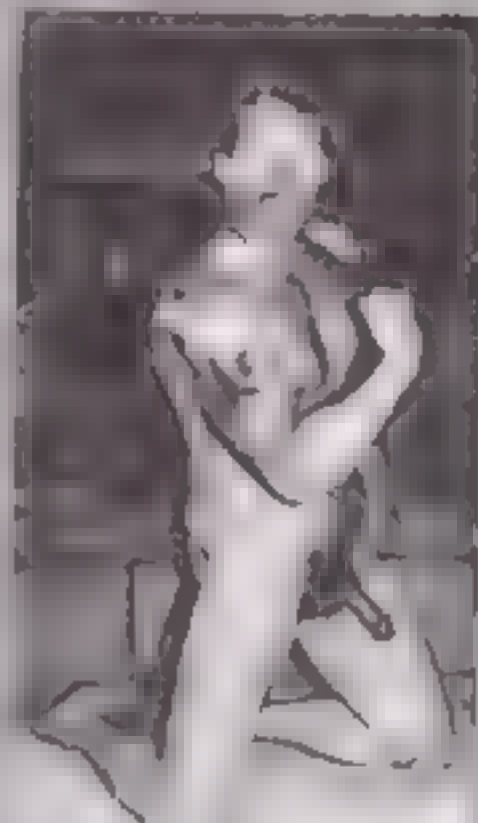


JOE

VT-76 HAIRY, TOO!

These six guys are all built, beefy, and hairy, too! Mike Glacier is still around and better than ever! He's now 29, and a mean, muscular 175# at 5'11". His too vivid imagination comes to life in audio cassette C-76-1 which is bloody psycho "straight boy hell," and quite frankly not for most people! He also spins some heavy duty abuse and humiliation in a talk tape with Dale C-42612 that I've called Hustlers II, C-76-2. Mike's in a lot of earlier tapes and photos, every one a classic. His new photos are sets 76-A and B. Next up is Anthony. I don't have his stats, but he's late twenties and from Jersey, about 5'8", and a dancer. His video's very graceful and intense. He's in photoset 76-C and wears a cockring. Rick A. is one of those modern day wonders, the sight of which makes your heart melt and your sense go out the window. He's 22, 5'8", and 170# of heaven. He plays football, soccer, and skydives besides martial arts. Rick A. is rough and wild, and was brought around by Rick (of VT-51). His audio's another one that won't appeal to the gentle, but if you can dig S&M, straight boy style, then C-76-3 will have you seeing stars! There is one set of photo, 76-D. Steve W. is a California guy of Swedish, Polish background, and at 22 he's 6'5" and 170#. He's sex and basketball. His blue eyes are dazzling and would bring sunshine to any rainy night! His audio tape C-76-4 is pretty AC/DC, mostly stories, and includes dildoes and lots of fuck action. Steve is in photosets 76-E and F. Joe Butchmann is lean, hard muscle from the North Central area of the U.S. Joe is 26, weighs 180#, and is 5'11". He's mostly German with a touch of French and Norwegian, and a green-eyed blond. He's an all-around athlete who varies in person from being the nicest guy around to a force to be reckoned with. Joe's s.w. shows his goals. He's in photosets 76-G and H, all of which include a cigar. Finally there is Chad James, who you may have seen in many more mainstream gay films. Chad is part Apache and always ready to attack. He's lost track and working out and is 5'7". His superhard picture sets 76-J and K. These guys are all special! If you want to see some men, look no further! VT-76 is two hours of color and sound for \$59. Please specify VHS or Beta and add \$3 for postage. These men all talk, flex, and J/O for you!

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MIKE GLACIER



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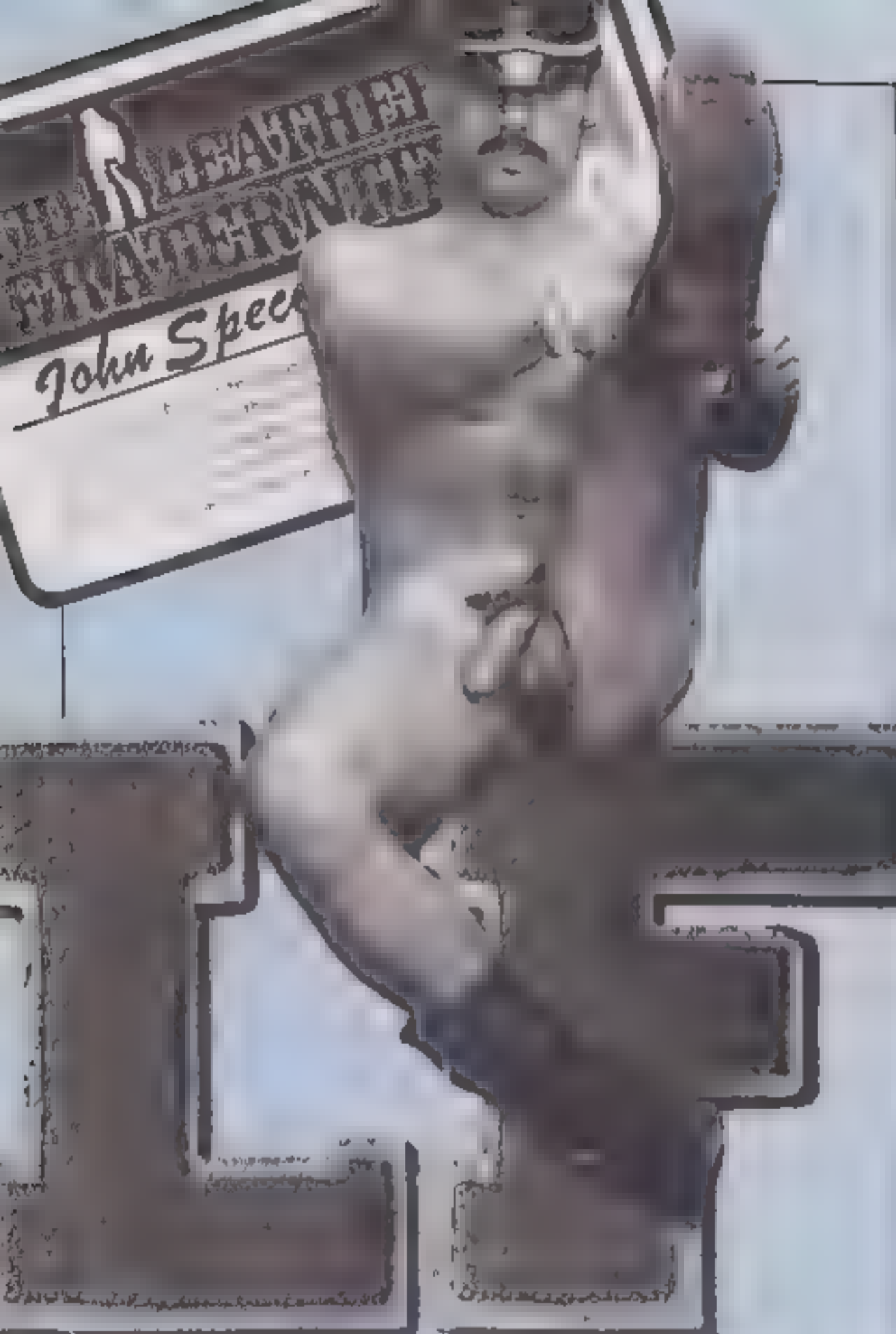
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—Brother William, The Name of the Rose

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COMING TO KEY WEST?
GWM 30s 6'2" 175 lbs. muscular and hung seeking dominant big dicked leathermaster s, no boots, uniforms SM BD VA and more for hot intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo phone please—all answered PO Box 893 Key West FL 33041

BONDAGE DUDE
5'10" 175 27 B cut looking for young men 18-35 into bondage. Possible long-term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed. make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys gear for restraint submission & discipline. Hood gags etc. How about you? Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6496LF

NEW TO MIAMI
Looking for that special Black man who likes leather. FF dildoes bt play videos mirrors slings. Must be slender to medium build tall and likes to have special times. I'm 40 tall solid 210lb beard and like bottom top. If you like to try new thing in different positions let's try it together. Write with phone photo if possible to Boxholder PO Box 380225 Miami FL 33136

BEARDED DADDY WANTED
Orlando—27 y.o. 5'10" 195 lbs. GWM chubby bearded shy inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy tutor type willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Expt to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys dildos rubbers and watching X rated videos. Box 6548LF

GEORGIA
SEMI EXPERIENCED
GWM 38 5'10" 155 lbs. moustache attractive professional stable mature, fun-loving anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes. leather B D TT photos S M etc. Inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125 Atlanta GA 30358 112 414 636 1688

GEORGIA
WM 32 5'11" 155 lbs. attractive honest responsible has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber bondage dildoes etc (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022 Decatur Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

OBEIENT BOY(S) WANTED
By hairy husky Dad 5'8" You're 21-35 trim with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection understanding abuse humiliation as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated application. Manservant PO Box 52946 Atlanta, GA 30355 Box 6727LF

LEATHER BUDDIES—NATIONWIDE
GWM 39 5'11" 160 lbs. HIV negative. My virgin ass needs work but also want to play with a submissive guy. 30 E. 300 P.O. mutual satisfaction. Photo with detailed letter gets more. PO Box 95249 Atlanta GA 30334 7249

RAUNCH
Fuck my shitty shaved asshole make me suck your filthy dick clean. Shit on my pierced tits and 'll smear it on my shaved crotch. WM 38 6' 190lb seeks sick-minded perverts into poppers, toys and assplay. Atlanta Box 6745

ATTRACTIVE ATLANTA TOPS
35-41 geek butch playmates. Bondage assplay & hot sex. Experienced versatile as service. Seek same. No pussies. dirty dicks. Have playroom. Couples fine. Descriptive letter or photo phone. indecent intentions 4871 1579 Monroe D vs Atlanta GA 30324 404 892 1581 Box 6572LF

HAWAII
ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED
W M slave 48 8 180 lbs., into CBT TT. bondage wants to kneel and service younger him Orianta Master. Your photo gets mine. Box 6767

ILLINOIS
HORSE WANTED
6'1 205 lbs. 60 yr. Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, hulaing, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pac. lil nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395 Melrose Park IL 60160 Box 6617LF

BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN
Hot GWM BB 180lb 5'9" brown beard, 8 thick big balls into FF large dildoes, balls leather vacuum pumps, body worship. Wanted similar daddy type MEN (not boys) experienced hairy hung versatile have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to Deek 3181 N. Halsted #2 Chicago, IL 60657 Box 6765LF

BONDING AGAIN
43 5'11" 185 handsome well built articulate would like to meet his brother for companionship social and possibly more. Write J.R.J. 707 56th #508 Champaign IL 61820 Box 6778LF

SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SIR

ILLINOIS
Master 33 6' 170 beard mustache Slave 18-30 5'9" or shorter lean & light assed. Start as a bootlicking dog slave work hard to earn position as daddy's boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master-daddy's approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-phone. Box 6772LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS TOPS
Suck, fuck (condoms), V-A, shaving, wax dildos enemas spit piss shit toys uniforms leather slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave WM 31 5'10" blond smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS
Looking for young guys into union suits longjohns and underwear. 38 GWM into most underwear uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J.O. French A.P. with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 178 606 W. Barry Chicago, IL 60657

CHICAGO LEATHER BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all rough and medium pain FF top but would like to be converted to bottom. Desire experienced assistant into jewelry piercing. Am 25 6' 185 hairy, brown hair blue eyes cleancut. Send photo. Box 8685LF

IRREVERENT PUP

29, seeks hot daddies for safe fun and games in Chicago. Am 5'9" 145 brown blue/beard trim. I like everything from real vanilla to real raunch, fantasy, shave, W.S. FF especially. Box 8715

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SM

DILDO A BEARDED BEAR

Ever wanted to make a big guy take your dildoes? Burly, bearding, bear belted, built. 8' 216# 48, wants hard use and abuse from dominant aggressive men. Any age, race, size. Degrade and humiliate me while you expand my limits and stretch my manhood. VA, TT, FF Indiana to Tennessee preferred. Box 6694LF

INDIANA

LET ME HELP

Discreet WM 25 5'8" bearded professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. We'll know you should. Box 6152LF

HOT OLDER MEN

wanted by young white male. I'm 26 5'8" 160 lbs, light brown hair and a cock that needs attention. I like to workout in just my briefs and am willing to do whatever you want. Need to hear from men over 40 in the Ft Wayne, Indianapolis, Chicago area. Box 6755

V A ASS BEATING

Daddies, plussed—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt, razor strap, hard strokes. Dick suckers, you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful, assbeatings, floggings, CBT, bondage. Daddy or dick sucker. Write for intense, painful Power sex. Male ritual. Box 6233LF

ABUSE THIS BOTTOM

Hot little guy, 35, 5'7" 135 lean muscular seeks hot construction, college jock, BB, armer types and/or uncuts for any lil, ball ass scene mild to wild, including 3-ways. Can switch roles with right guy. Send photo if possible. PO Box 5903 Bloomington, IN 47408. Box 6552LF

IOWA

ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31 6'3" 171 8' to service. Goodlooking, well built. Well hung. Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (80-35). A real dick pleaser offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers, Truckers or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number send name, address and a photo to Lee. PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50309

URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City bearded, ringed, 40 5'8", 145, questing for action with men, boys, masculine others. Deep FF as yoga, bondage, TT, nethercrushing meditations. Safe & sane & sincere in my needs pursuits. All answered considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF

BALLPLAYERS

into vacuum pumps, cock & ball work, shaving, catheters, and maybe piercing? Looking for men in the DM area who aren't afraid to get rough with the manmeat that hangs between your legs and mine! If you need to know, I'm 37 6'2" 210 and love to pump my cock and balls to huge proportions. YOU should be old enough to realize how much fun your mantoys are and like extended playtimes. LET'S PLAY BALLS! Box 5737

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29 6'2", 246 lbs, and will try anything except piercings, scal, head shaving or permanent damage. Box 5262LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master. PO Box 1373 Manhattan, KS 66502

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes. WS, FF 69, scat, I'm top and bottom. 33 attractive professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 64561F

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom GWM 35 5'9" 145 lbs beard, versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

KANSAS

SADIST

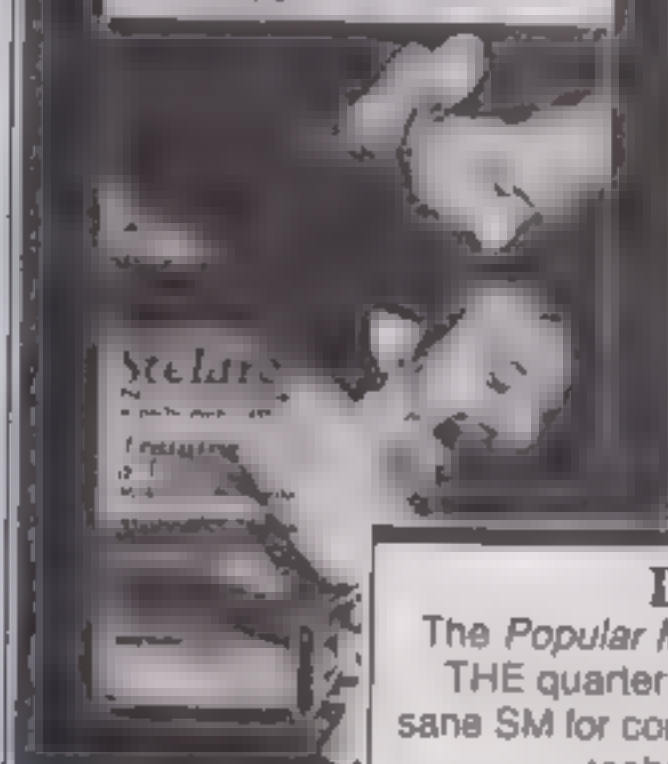
Sane experienced gay white male master 45 seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M B&D torture sessions in torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fisting, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be firm, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send photo. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF

MARYLAND

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted GWM slave 18-40 to be on call into shaving, TT, CBT, B D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write, reasonable prices. Address letter to Sir. I am 174 5'3" Box 6153LF

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Variable	Definition
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2. Sex	Male or Female
3. Education	Level of education (High school, College, Graduate)
4. Income	Annual income in US dollars
5. Health	Self-reported health status (Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor)
6. Employment	Current employment status (Employed, Unemployed, Retired)
7. Social Support	Perceived social support (Strong, Moderate, Weak)
8. Life Satisfaction	Overall life satisfaction (Very Satisfied, Satisfied, Dissatisfied, Very Dissatisfied)

[illegible][illegible]

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Box 6696 LF

HEAVY NIPPLE ACTION

[illegible]

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al slave respectfully seeking Master
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67731f

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we must be into 80

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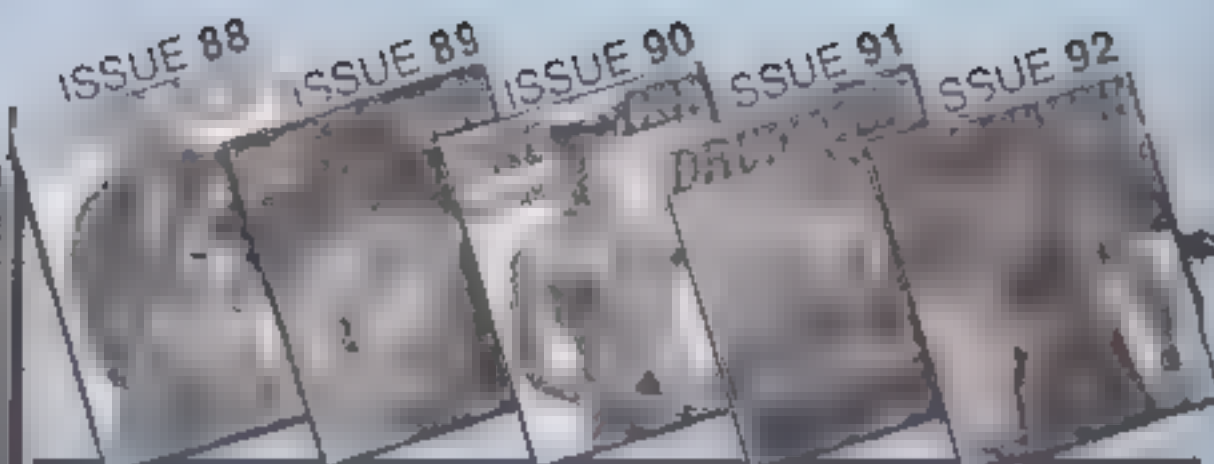
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MISSOURI
2 TOPS, HUNG, HORNY, W PIG
slave available for other Masters into any S M B D scene in our well equipped "play room" with sling, restraints, mirrors and many toys. Special hot turn-ons TT CBT WS VA, fishing, dirty talk, assplay, military, B/s experimentation. One may bottom out for right stud. Limits respected and expanded. Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT. PO Box 3931 Springfield, Missouri 65808 Box 6565 LF

STRETCH OUT
this 34 yo. cocksucker's asshole Dicks FF genital bondage kink. Frank (816) 478-4771 XCMO Phone J D

LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS
GWM 37 5'10" 160lb, brown hair, clean shaven, hairy body, firm, healthy and hot needs buddy daddy mutual fantasies, only masculine legitimate men who love man sex need respond. I want to learn from a safe hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF

FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES
wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT SM WS Dungeons a plus I'm HIV positive. 5'9" 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753 Box 6681LF

LEATHERMAN
Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6' hung 190 39 yo. Box 6468LF

NEVADA
WORK HIM OVER
Experienced masochist, WM, 32 5' 190 craves punishment. Men who take pleasure in C.B.T torture heavy bondage, beatings, gags, hoods, wax, buttwork, face slapping, unusual punishment. This inner needs an intense partner in southern Nevada. Box 6754

NEW HAMPSHIRE
WHITE MOUNTAINS
Leatherman, GWM 42 5'11" 170 bearded seeks buddies into full leather, levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard sale sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY
COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE
Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy man slender hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41 5'8" 145 lbs. drug/virus-free nonsmoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control chastity devices, urethral stretching, anal play, earher/latex bondage, exhibitionism/torture. Box 8216LF

TATTOOED DIRTY B KER
Blackwood Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers local area only who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J D session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284 Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. LF6229

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725 after 8 PM (LF4768)

NJ DRUMMERS
Tattooed, pierced, boot-wearing, cigar chewing closet leatherman loves hats, hoods, gloves, chains, and tape. Amalogue board and getting fat. Desire communication with other amateur NJ Drummers. No pros, please. Interests include bondage discipline, endurance, exhibitionism, photography. Privacy respected, same expected. Call Boots McCoy (201) 279-6450, Tuesdays. Or write Box 6778LF

NEW YORK
PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB
Celt Block, 28-9th Avenue, New York City, NY 10014. Downstairs meets every Wednesday & Thursday 8 PM-?? Doors close 3 AM. Free soda bar & clothes check BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE membership. For more information stop by or phone (212) 733-3144

SUCKING DADDY'S ASS
Manly WM Daddy wanted by rimming-obsessed bottom. Can take piss. Will learn shit for right man. Me (28 5'9" 170, br gr). No skinnies or trolls. NYC/LJ. Box 8298LF



HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fat dad 34, 6'1", 210 beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rm. suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek SM 80. Box 6224LF

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6' 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tk work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170 BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774 263A W 19 St NYC, NY 10011

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a downright pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends. Love wife sports and getting fucked. Especially by big black cocks. Reply Lennie. Box 850, c/o DMS 132 W 24th St NYC, NY 10011 (LF6389)

ABUSIVE ITALIAN DAD

Experienced sadistic Master (41 155 6'7 beard hairy) into ass domination through discipline, control, punishment of butt, cock balls, tits, here, according to your needs. Looking for a big guy with big ass, or a muscle slave but any hot-assed boy with obedient attitude and need for domination can apply. Work up to regular 2 or 3 day session upstate in the woods. Apply with ass photo and full photo and letter stating needs to Box 601, 32 W 24 NYC 10011

SANDWITTOPIA SUPPLY CO. YOUR ONE-STOP S M SHOP

ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old, 5'9" 210 lb. Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JQ hopeful is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung, chunky master or v/bk in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke, poppers A-okay! Orders, phone, photo to Box 6506LF

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37 6'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—38, blond/blue trim beard. Call (212) 586-9646. If you're between 18-35

OL' RELIABLE TYPE

25, 5'9" 140, good build, tats, healthy, sane into all-nite, hard-core, bicep-deep, motor oil, leather, fisting. Prefer experienced, serious give and take type buddies. All answered \$ Fresh, PO Box 20581 London Terrace Station New York, NY 10011 HOT

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship GWM, 46, 5'10" 170 BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St NYC NY 10011

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping, dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave good-looking GWM 45 5'10" 179 lbs Box 6289LF

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175 40 in-shape goods real man, 30 SO, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

SM REALITY

Not far away very experienced masochist 38 5'0" 10 well developed, seeks experienced sane sads for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, dampen my pride, ruling his stimulate my pain-ave with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences. phone 7 travel frequently to Calif and Illinois. Box 5444

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good looking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into instant rimming any place, anytime, regular scat meals, munching, & snacks, tongue toiletpaper service, head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim, drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command. heavy-longterm bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket), stockade and pillory, confinement & cages, boots & sneakers, being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing, enforced chastity, uniforms & rubber, public humiliation, houseboy/servant role & lifestyle: doing dishes & washing & waxing floors, extreme respect & obedience training: paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks. barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass, WS, publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now & until the health crisis is over it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349 70A Greenwich Ave. New York, NY 10011 (LF8290)

GANG RAPE

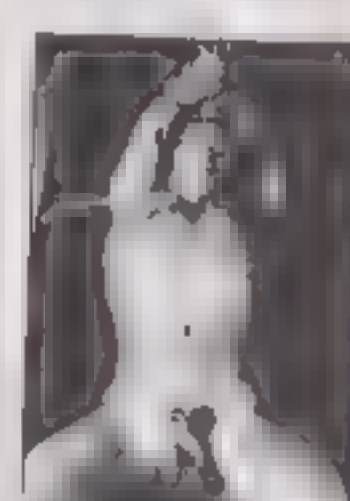
WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough asspounding and mouthslutting rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

ZEUS VIDEO



RECAPTURED

STARRING "OFFICER" SCOTT ANSWER/1988 ZEUS MODEL OF THE YEAR, AND MUSCLE BIKER "COP BUSTER" BRIAN DAWSON/1988 INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER 2ND RUNNER UP PLUS ZEUS VIDEO PREVIEWS. APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTE VIDEO.



TIGHTROPES III

STARRING SCOTT ANSWER IN "SORE NIPPLES," AND GOLD'S GYM MUSCLEMAN TONY MYKOS IN "GOLDEN GREEK," BOTH TIED UP AND FORCED TO SHOOT IN SOLO MUSCLE BONDAGE SESSIONS. APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTE VIDEO

ZEUS VIDEO ORDER COUPON

☐ RECAPTURED/ZV-1004/\$45.00

☐ TIGHTROPES III/ZV-1005/\$45.00

\$2.50 S/H 1st TAPE/\$1.00 EA ADD TAPE

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 6 1/2% SALES TAX

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

(YOU MUST BE OVER 21)

CHARGE TO MY ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

_____ EXP DATE _____

ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my million ass cheeks molded hard. But this healthy 41 W M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that draws attention. Man is 6'7" 135 lbs. bearded pierced tits-cock-balls shaved chest ass-c b into mutual heavy ass work ass toys ball and foot fucking L.L. mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn on of feet boots socks and locks. Absolute turn off to over weights inexperienced and men who only have fan asses but are unable to live them. Photo phone description to box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10158 Experience a real MAN! LF5575

B G BEEFY WANTED

GWM, 30s & handsome smooth slim G. p. Fr a p. submissive but responsive seeks all dominant muscular guy to worship photo-graph have sex and or relationship with you are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation gives love ass lil play Your photo ensures reply and my photo Perhaps you could teach me a few things 7 Bl 788-18-12

SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed men (25- young 65). You give me a firm barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot heavy drinkers hustlers. If my place no parking problem. But write to Box 160-132 W 24 St NYC 10011

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49 B 1" trim clean-shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understands the meaning and value of discipline over mercy, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

STRAIGHT GUY

27 healthy muscular tattooed blue-collar worker available as victim Kidnaping, interrogation, torture confessions, humiliation bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse brainwashing Heavy trips Box 6464

DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY'SON

forget pain, loneliness please Surrender body mind total sex service Become owned, appreciated joyfully used. Get leathermaser ny security permanence Age looks? Attitude a moral? Experienced inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful required undemanded Your chance for top-man's love, home happiness, future Don't blow it Box 6324LF

HOT SON BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy Top 47 BB athletic 5'10" 170. masculine sensitive, for serious lasting relationship Into S.M B.D. all assplay, (safe) Gr A spanking. You any race good body serious about relationship and commitment. Photo Phone (must) to Box 774, 263A W 19 St NY NY 10011 Box 6771LF

STRICT DISCIPLINE

Man will be men and the more on occasion require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior strengthen their character or break their bad habits Agree? I so then write this 6'2" mustached serious white male with your ideas experiences lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo Box 6768LF

BB SEEKS VERY TALL

5'10" 195 41 very muscular seeks in-shape men 6'4" or taller for mutual S&M Rick 496A Hudson #H24 NYC NY 10014

USED FRENCH SEAT

Late 1920s make Classic tongue in groove construction for thorough ass satisfaction Relax your naked butt on a hot plant seat Looks and endowment not important Natural male selfishness and a clean lit white ass appreciated Overweight and disabled welcome Box 6734

SEEK ONLY GREEK PASSIVE GWM

Age 50-65, 6'3" +, 250+ lbs., AIDS free monog. kitemate Want burly but loving man who keeps his ass raunchy and sinking between dumps so can sniff kiss lick eat and ride it nightly. No French No drugs or smoke or booze Me Age 56 5'8" 155 lbs. educated GWM solely anally oriented Box 6740

SMOOTH MAN

Sniff lick caress suck me from neck to toe Verbal abuse butt paddling slapping domination Safe sex Me 48 5'8" 150 lbs You 40-55 healthy clean, subserment NYC only Weeknights Telephone to be answered Box 6751

HOT LEATHERMAN WANTED

by good looking 6' 175lb. blond 40yr Bx hung slave into H S&M CBT TT FF BO W S piercings tattoos Sir—I'm ready to worship your body while you use mine for your gratification (914) 686 0711

BLACKMAN SEEKS SHIT AND PISS

Many handsome Blackman seeks Topmer to long shit and water sports scene Also sex how gals, uniforms Looks not as important as attitude any race Reply with picture and phone number to Boxholder PO Box 1261 Chelsea Station, New York NY 10011

CAPITOL DISTRICT

GW Males, 25 & 55 seek other gay males for S&M fun and games in our fully equipped dungeon. Submissive and or dominant both welcome for discreet and safe encounters. No scat or watersports Limits respected PO Box 1564, Schenectady, New York 12301

LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30 5'8" slim defined, 135 lbs Black hair brown eyes, thick stach Wants slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45 Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather Police uniforms. Light V A-B D-TT pot & poppers SS Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA Box 6557LF

OBEDIENCE THROUGH SC PLINE

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment Spanking, kissing balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip You may now strip tie your balls up and write me Let me know you Box 6536

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES Pierced bearded Leatherman mid thirties 6'4" 200 lbs handsome and in good shape into sensual and or heavy tit play and piercing Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests Box 6620LF

POUNCE GIRL

wants to meet MOS to horse around with nothing heavy in and or out of the bag I have flexible hours No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy (if I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times. Box 6605

MISBEHAVED SON

Bad guy, boyish looks, 30 5'7" 140 seeks strict dad 40-60 who will pull the belt from the loops of his pants and strap whip my bottom red Dads write with photo Box 1650, Rutherford, NJ 07070

SAD-IST 42

seeks personal full-service towel into pain humiliation abuse exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag Masochist slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist Applicants shall strip kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter State qualifications, etc Photo appreciated Box 6287

LEATHERBOY WANTED

NYC Leather Master 37 8' is looking for leatherboy to 35 Daddy offers love affection discipline leather boots B D S M, and commitment Tired of bars and fantasizing? Need to serve and want to be owned? Send detailed letter photo phone Don't tread Drummer and dream—live it! Box 6678LF

GOOD-LOOKING ITALIAN

needs correction and will service tough sand White Black Hispanic men in work clothes uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber 3 piece suits, leather gut punch catheters enemas cock & ball verbal, safe sex can be top No phones Dave PO Box 568 Old Chelsea Sta. New York NY 10013 or Box 6687LF

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1" 185 very attractive masculine and works out seeks tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing foot and other explosive fantasies Call Han-btwn 8 pm-12 mid to meet in NYC (NO phone) at (212) 675 7352 Box 6688LF

OPEN ME UP

WM 46 HIV+ healthy horny hot ass ready to try a fist SS Anything goes Box 6642

SHAVING NEEDED

on a regular basis by handsome WM 36 150 lbs. 5'8" Also into W S, spanking and willing to learn more Box 445, 263A W 19th St NYC 10011

HOLE ACTION

GWM 6' 150 lbs. mustache, 6 1/2 uncult wants Top mutual buddy for assplay Dildoes fist dick 212-255 8117

B G DICK BLACK STALLION

wants polite obedient eager-to-please white-boy all my OWN! Stud's 29 6'3" 175 healthy, smooth defined, mustache Sensible educated, quiet dominant horny for white pussy! Not into pain FF etc but committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love and horsefuck safely Deal honestly with our feelings, needs You attractive understanding, stable, clear healthy reliable satisfy a black man's needs Sincere only! No drugs bullshit. KNOW what you want or don't waste my time PO Box 1555 NYC 10011

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking WM 33 6'3" 165 lbs brown hair eyes, mustache, into leather FF TT dildoes looking for a Top or versatile hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more Answer with photo for fast reply Box 6706LF

TOPS

into gang banger hot, 27 yo., straight raunch-bag, write Box 6596

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman 6ft. 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach pierced tits and dick needs Master Lover or playmate on a regular basis heavy into rubber latex, leather sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse shaving, diapers used rubbers, hot kinky sex Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try Box 6699LF

YUPPIE DISCIPLINE

For all your excesses, this spanking is for you Dad is 38 Wall Street type with convincing tight hand Box 6718

BONDAGE BUDDY BOY WANTED

WM 46 looks like 36, seeks other men 18 up for safe sane mutual bondage sex sessions All forms of restraint used and accepted (when in bottom role) Light S&M with all limits respected Rochester, NY area Box 6731

NORTH CAROLINA**PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS**

GWM 34, 6'11" 180 lbs wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet well-insured and will sign any necessary releases, would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, wha, you do with the video after that is your business Box 6343LF

OHIO**WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED**

Short, slim, preppy type Cleveland East Side Photo phone, letter Box 6636

SEEKS LEATHER MASTER

Fem Leather Ty seeks black or white leather master to be complete slave and housemaid Box 6746

LEATHER MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure 45 successful not into dr ps booze smoke pot etc monogamous relationship with a 100 mile across in Cincinnati no hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus but not necessary—age unimportant Your photo and phone gets mine PO Box 41326 Cincinnati OH 45241

CALVIN KLEIN SPORT

WM, 27 husky, attractive very Madison Avenue very GO Professional, fun, kinky and aggressive Looking for HOT muscular body builders with HUGE COCKS and ego to tie down to my S M LEX machine and use as slave for S&M Bondage hoods, gags whips the whole fucking 9 yards! Feel my wet mouth and tongue work over your tits as you strain against your leather restraints Feel my tongue run down your stomach, over your balls and into your hairy ass. Squirm and feel the ecstasy as I fuck your ass with HUGE DILDOS. Let my experienced hands fist fuck you for hours on end Interests include photography (you will be photographed) WELL HUNG BLACKS, Calvin Klein underwear anything Armani or Gianni Versace, and young chicken. I'm caring, sensitive, in control Republican and looking for that "PERFECT" relationship If you enjoy being dominated write A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO BEACHWOOD PLACE PO Box 382 Lakewood OH 44107



DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

W.M. 35 185 lbs. 5'11" beard, brown hair
green eyes 7' cut, A. Fr P. Gr submissive
seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops 25-45
SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF shaving, enemas
expand my limits, while I worship your body
and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton
OH Box 5514, F

OREGON

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each
other into being belted, fucked, sucked and
pissed on. Top/bottom. I can be both gentle and
tough. Handsome 6'4" 210, 29 into working
out and staying in shape and want someone else
who is too. Send photo, letter to PO Box 40 40
Portland OR 97240-0740 LF5747

COMPLETE YOUR TOY COLLECTION SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Hairier-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex rela-
tionship with bottom into on-going leather
experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just
healthy leather sex, boot-fucking fantasies if
young, you are mature and masculine. If my
age, you are affectionate, intense in your
dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box
6764LF

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Unexperienced, but feeling a commitment and
need to serve a dependable, imaginative
Master? While-collar Master will allow a large
measure of independence while enforcing
discipline and control. Progressive. Will
increase training. Must relocate in Salem
Oregon, without delay. Describe interest
photo, phone for reply. Box 5954, F

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER BOOTMAN

Looking for young slim submissive cocksuc-
ers that need to have their face plowed. If you
need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and
having a man hold you on while you service
him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman 3
45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a
must. Box 4840, F

TOPLESS BOTTOM

Work took my top away. Am no novice but
haven't found limits yet. Need top to continue
serious training in safe and sane pain. PO Box
201 Pgh PA 15230

MASTER'S DISCIPLINE NEEDED

White male bottom, 33, experienced in bed
m c&bt, II, interested in meeting top. Specia-
l interest in LE military, medical. Complete
discretion a must. Reply to Boxholder PO Box
3821 Pgh PA, 15230

YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE

a for-real, for-life sexslave-houseboy, smooth
& trim, young (any age), & healthy, sensual &
sexy, true to yourself & others, totally commit-
ted & devoted to serving, servicing & loving
w/ 8 1/2 years monogamous Masters, 40, 6'2"
70 and 57, 6'10" 165 Masters Dick & Bill
54 East Main, Fayetteville PA 17222 Yes, boy
here is a tomorrow, it's today. Box 6702, F

RHODE ISLAND

MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master Top needed by WM submissive. Need
training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot
masculine muscular body for your pleasure.
Interest: bondage, bl/cock play obeying, plea-
sing demanding Master Sir. I need teacher to
be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hard
working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24 clean & healthy seeks tops masters
to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy
sucking a big cock hairy balls and a hairy ass.
I am looking for men who will give me orders
and teach me the way serve him best. I would
also enjoy learning more about FF WS and BD.
Any dominant men who are interested please
write with photo, phone to KM, PO Box 6947
Columbia, SC 29260 Dominant couples &
g bups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box
6638, F

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33 Needs patient Top to teach Light S.M. TT
C/BT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full
leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some
weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen SD 57402
0994 605-225-0375 Leave message. Travel
Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK
Box 6674, F

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, firm executive, mid-
fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee
area. Slave must be under 25, well built and
prepared to be on call at any time for heavy
demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit de-
tailed letter with photo and telephone number.
Box 6490, F

MASTER SEEKS BOY SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Pos-
sible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean
and can travel some. Boy must be under 29,
prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37
5'11", 170, br br professional. Submit pic-
ture, phone to Sir POB 21561 Chattanooga
TN 37421 Box 6549LF

TEXAS

SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny
leatherman, 30 5'9" 150, dark hair eyes,
hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry
hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for
long slow buttstretching, bondage light S.M.
and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom
or yours. Box 6675LF

NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable
breed, enslaved. Hitched to plow as work
horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work
horse. Contact this fall Steven Paladino, POB
130 Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834 Ph 512
876 3263 Box 6781LF

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City _____

Phone _____

Signature _____

State _____

Zip _____

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mail them to me at the address above



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1-800-331-0442

Toll Free Outside of California

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ St _____ Zip _____

Send Check (allow 4 weeks for delivery) or Money Order (shipped immediately)

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION KINK
GWM 50 5'9" 145 excellent health Seeks qualified doctor medic to invade bladder ass Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes lists Testicular manipulation Aroma okay No permanent damage Your examining room Dallas, but will travel Your description of self qualifications, scene gets mine Absolute discretion assumed Box 6686LF

WANTED BONDAGE MASTER
Hot muscular rock WM 5'8" 160 34 yrs enjoys heavy restraint bondage wrestling forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging Mostly bottom but can be versatile Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits Discreet and safe expect same Box 6158LF

BROWNNOSERS
Dallas based Top of German descent, 32 5'10" 145 lb gr with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself who are into raunch or scat) in-shape brown nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE
WM 35 5'8" seeks Master to serve ineresis include bootlicking, cock worship C B torture dildoes B&D rubber light S&M TT and toys am well-built, good-looking GWM Write with photo get same Box 6227

LUBBOCK
Ex-military WM 35 5'8" 158 good build hung into CBT TT leather levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into q gas well as receiving then I'm your man photo and phone to Box 6269LF

LOOK NG FOR DADDY MASTER
GWM 26 5'10", 153 brown hair blue-grey eyes, moustache submissive and obedient looking for Drummer Daddy Master 30 to 45 to help me expand my limits WM travel possible relocation Sr please reply to Box 5265LF

NEED SMALL HANDS BIG DILDOES
Attractive WM 8 8 30s 5'11" 175 lbs HIV neg Moustache, cul wants to meet WM 20s 30s (no beards cigars) for safe and hot ass stretching sessions Expand my colon or yours In Dallas, but travel Texas/Oklahoma Louisiana Send photo letter Box 6547LF

VIRGINIA

LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE
Master attractive successful 36 6'1" 180 lbs 8' slave attractive 32 5'5" 140 lbs 7 bubble butt Seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) for joint use exchange of slaves, info mind control, SM BD toys shaving, leather levi, etc You under 40, hung and in good shape Photo phone Mike Box 6206LF

BROWNNOSERS
Br W male, 34 seeks training by experienced top into BD light SM watersports, toys and mind control Me Br hair hazel eyes 220 football players build You 24 35 experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex Thanks Box 6414LF

2 MASTERS SEEK BOTTOM
GWM 6'1" 30 180 8 cut cock GWM 5'10" 33 165 10" uncut cock Interested in boy save who is willing to explore & expand with long very imaginative sessions SM BD watersports, mind control Photo, phone letter Discuss limits David Miller Box 5306 Portsmouth VA 23703

COCK-HUNGRY-SLAVE
Richmond Needs long sessions with big cocked studs, low-hanging balls swollen with hot thick pads Enjoy working on men that are proud of their cocks know they have good meat and get off on stretching out and having a cocksava work on hair man-meal Lay back and watch me enjoy servicing your cock Nothing else expected Tell me how your meal serviced Photo appreciated Box 8747

EXPANSION WANTED
One 5'4" 130 WM 40s seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving receiving the joys of gay sex Sir please send detailed lesson plans to Training PO Box 13428, Richmond VA 23225 LFB555

WASHINGTON

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES
Action buddies on the prowl Two young guys seek adventure Anything possible Send photo and ideas Will respond with same and or get together Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle WA 98107 Box 6680LF

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with huge hands wanted by hot, bearded leatherman Box 6535

LET EM HANG
You're a red back hairy bearded, uncut ciga stud, long overhang over low hangers You don't care if you're never gets hard long as there's good skin chewin tit-pullin pit-smilin ball-grabbin mansex goin on with a 5'10 175 lbs thick uncut Daddy pleasin' man Box 6618LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT
Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness Box 4876LF

BOTTOM NEEDS LESSONS
GWM 35 6' 180 bottom looking for right top leatherman to teach him the ropes Education needed in listing, titwork bondage and submission Milwaukee Box 6782LF

YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE
Me 23 Hot & Hung, wants hot and together young bottom into B&D, C&BT, TT, hoods, gags light S&M and extended bondage Muscles Masochism & Intelligence Mandatory photo helpful Kink leather & rubber IN bed Can you be friend or love QLT? (Shaving, piercing live-in ownership negotiable Box 8769LF

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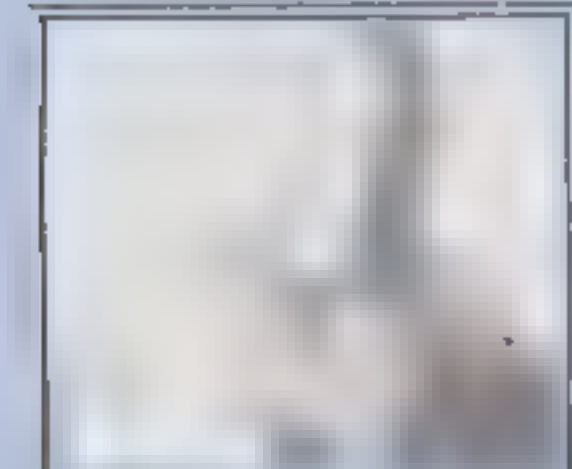
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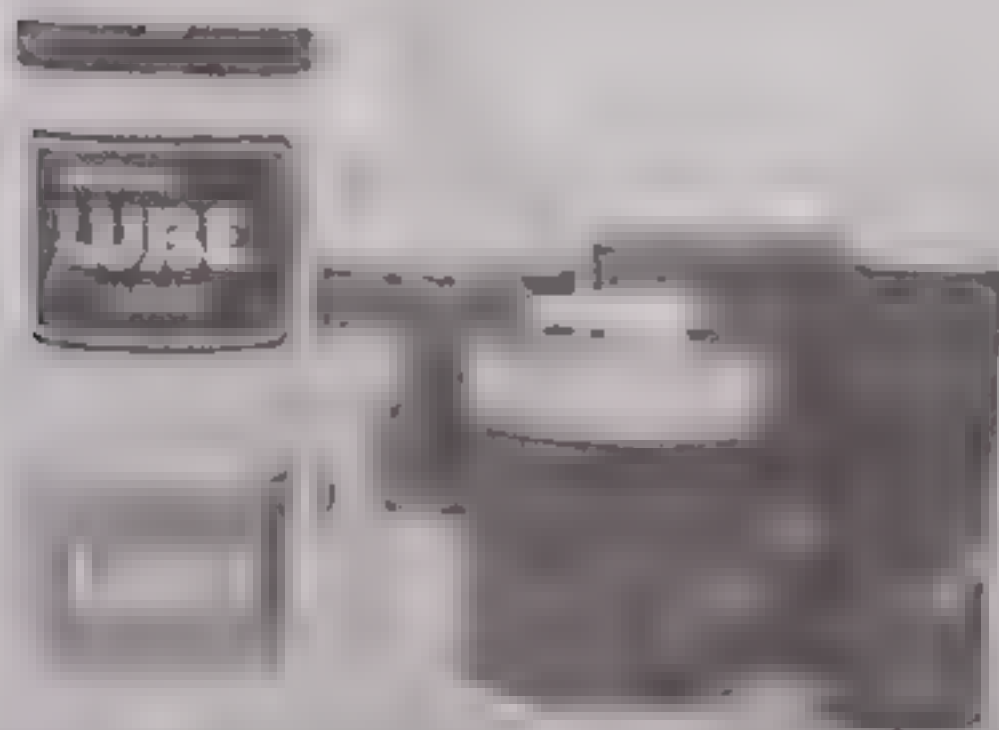
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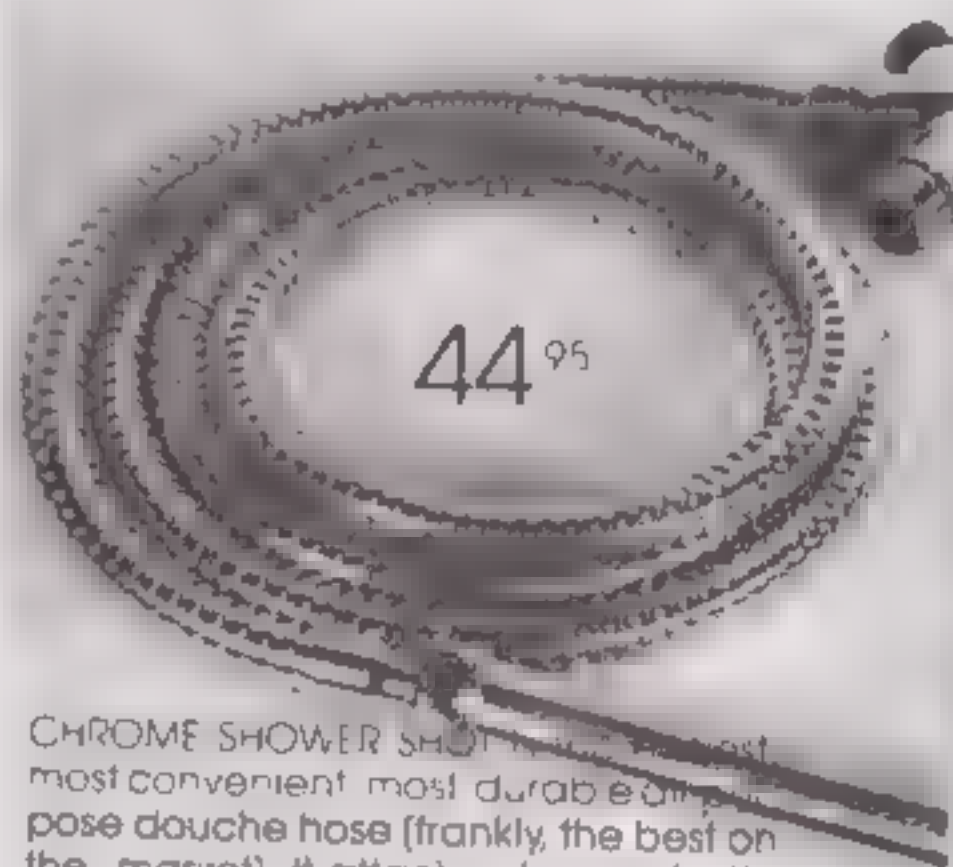
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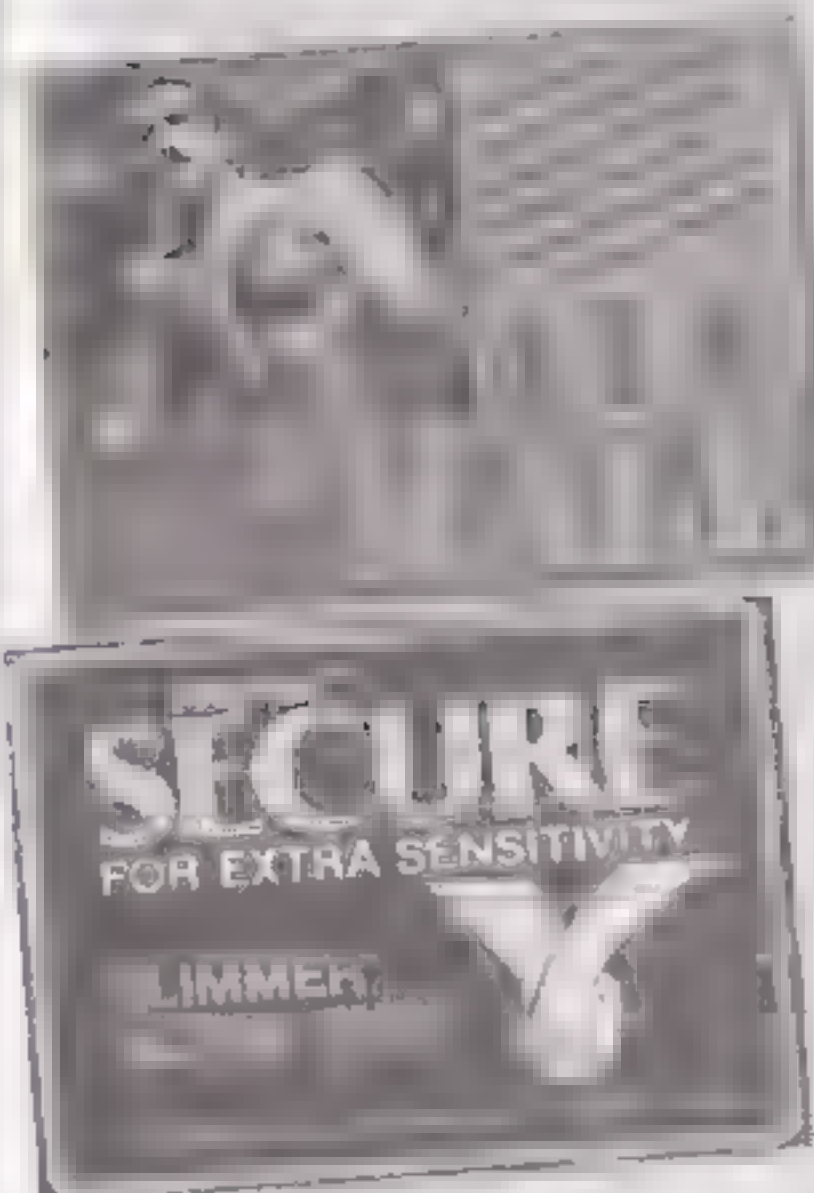
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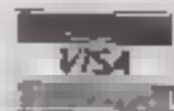
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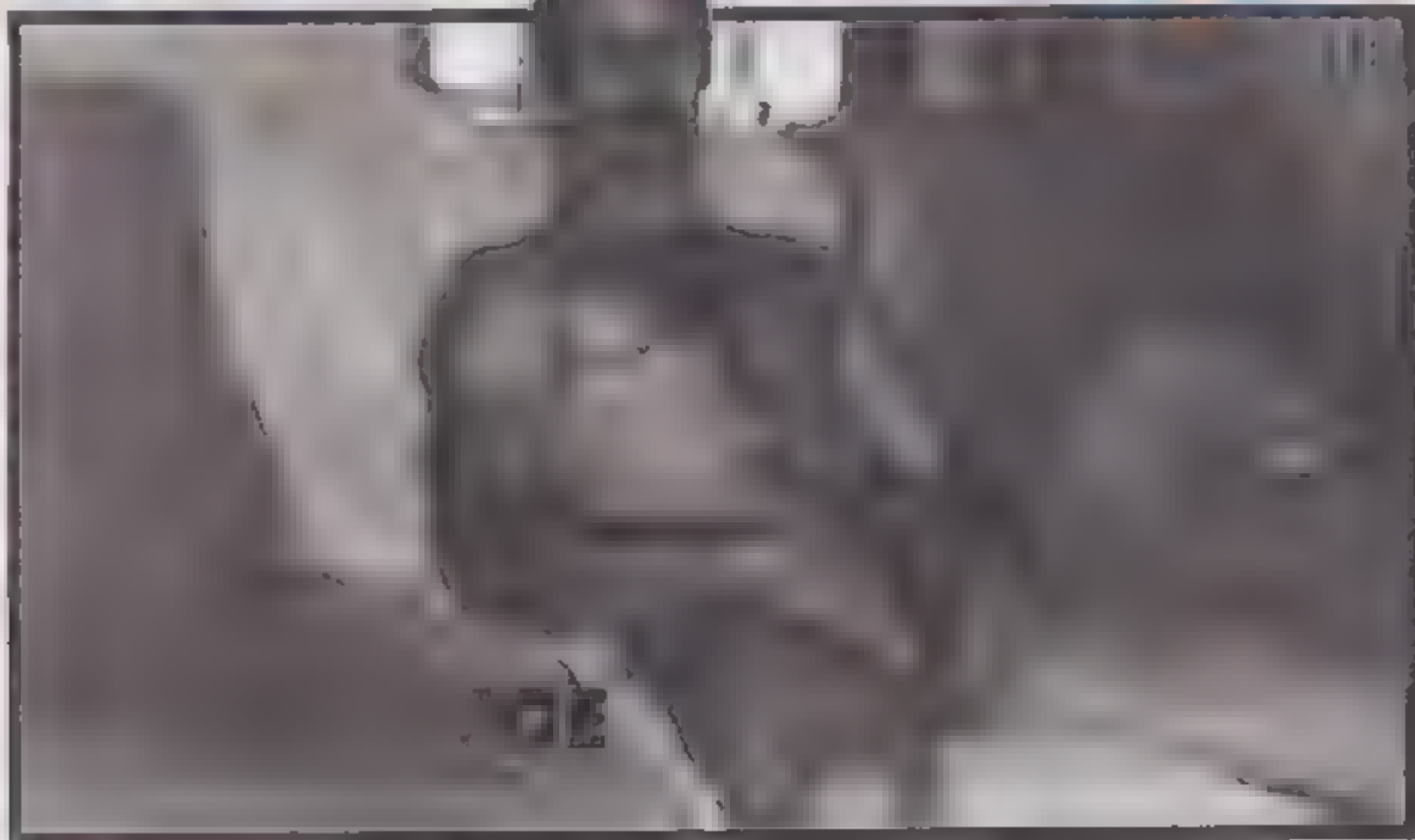


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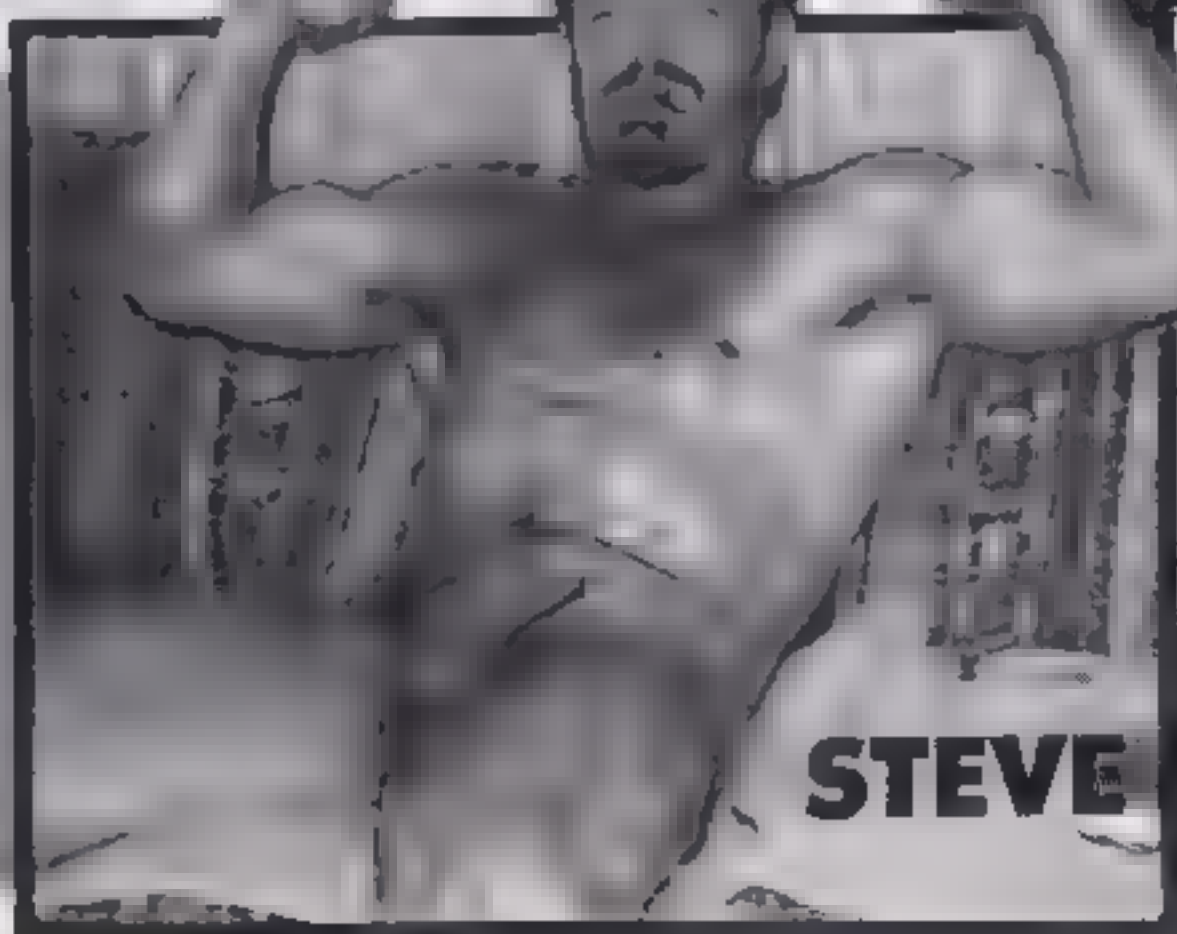
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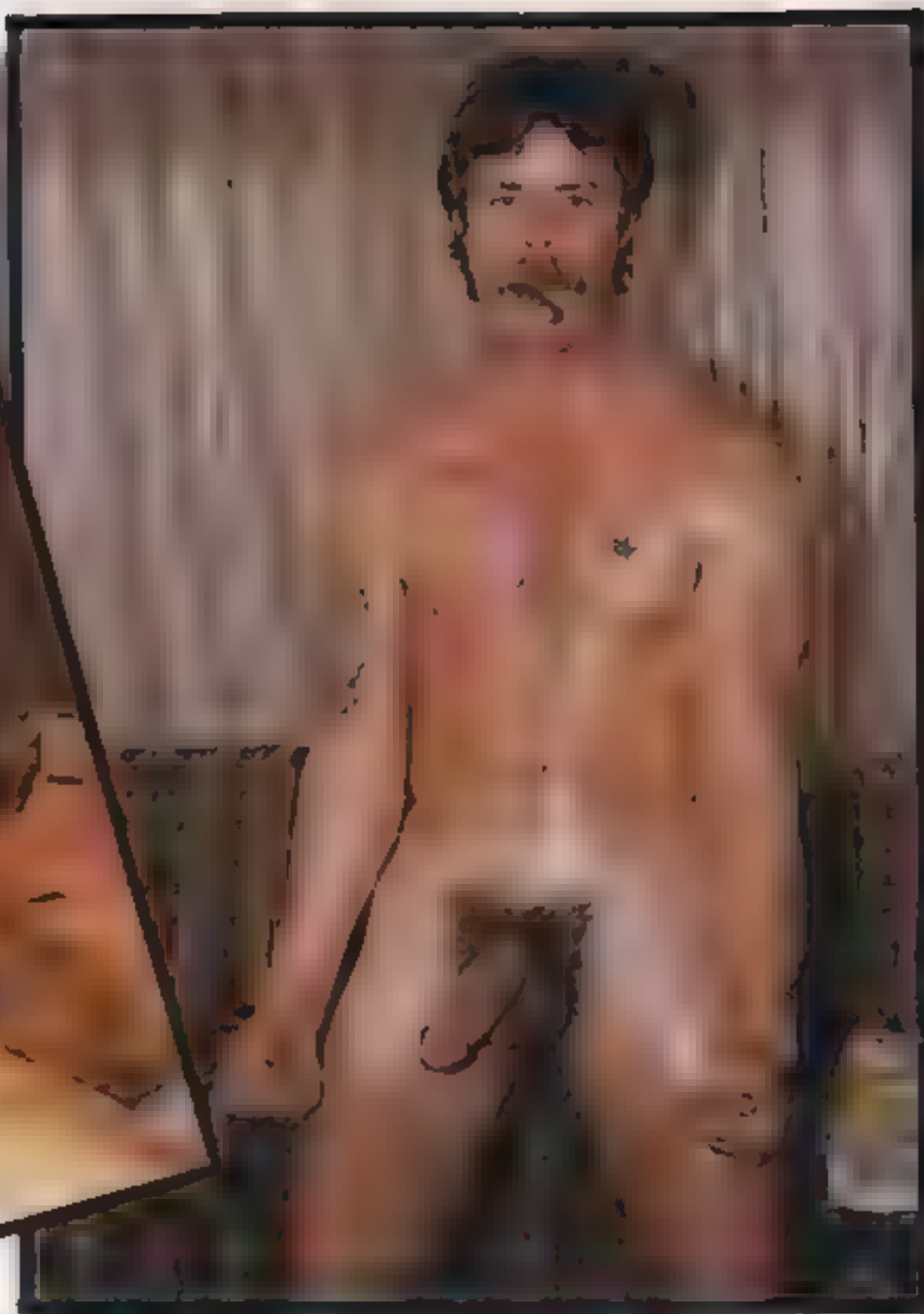
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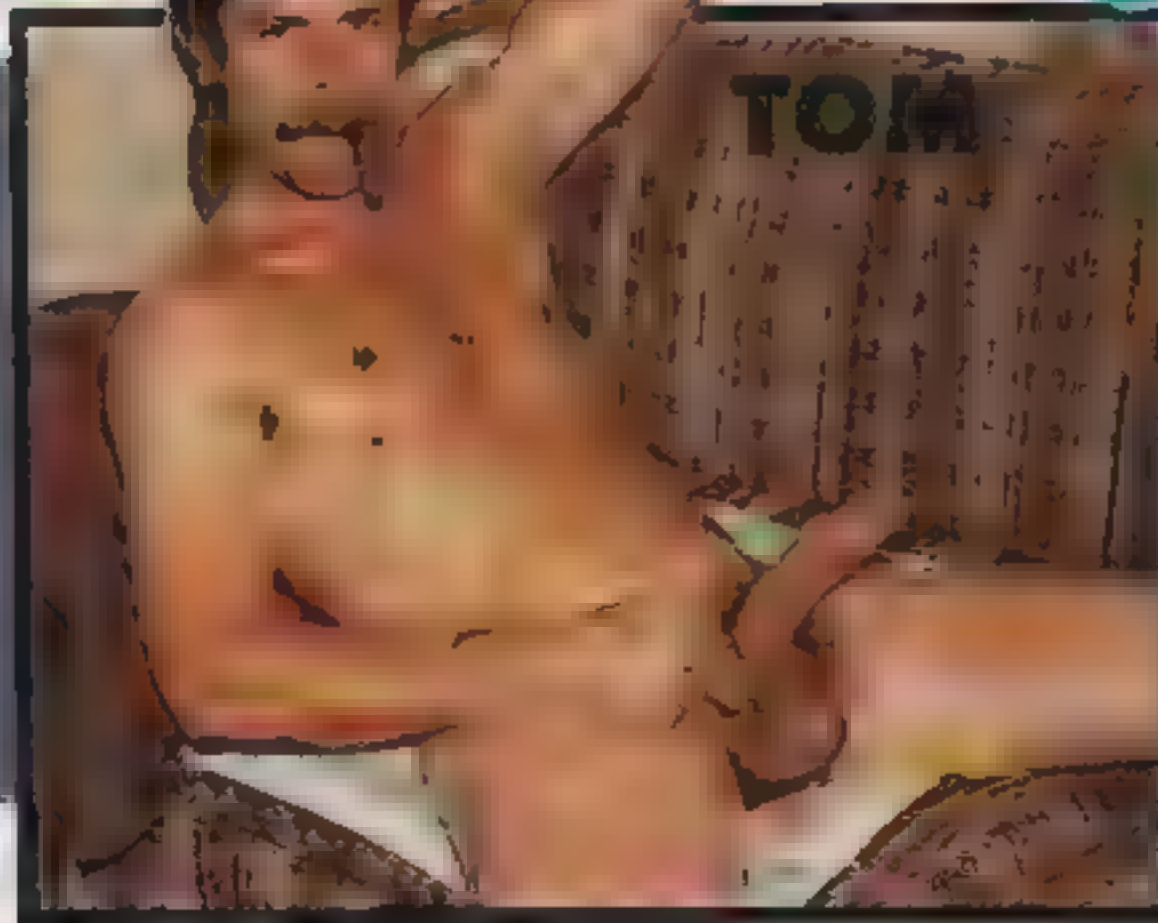
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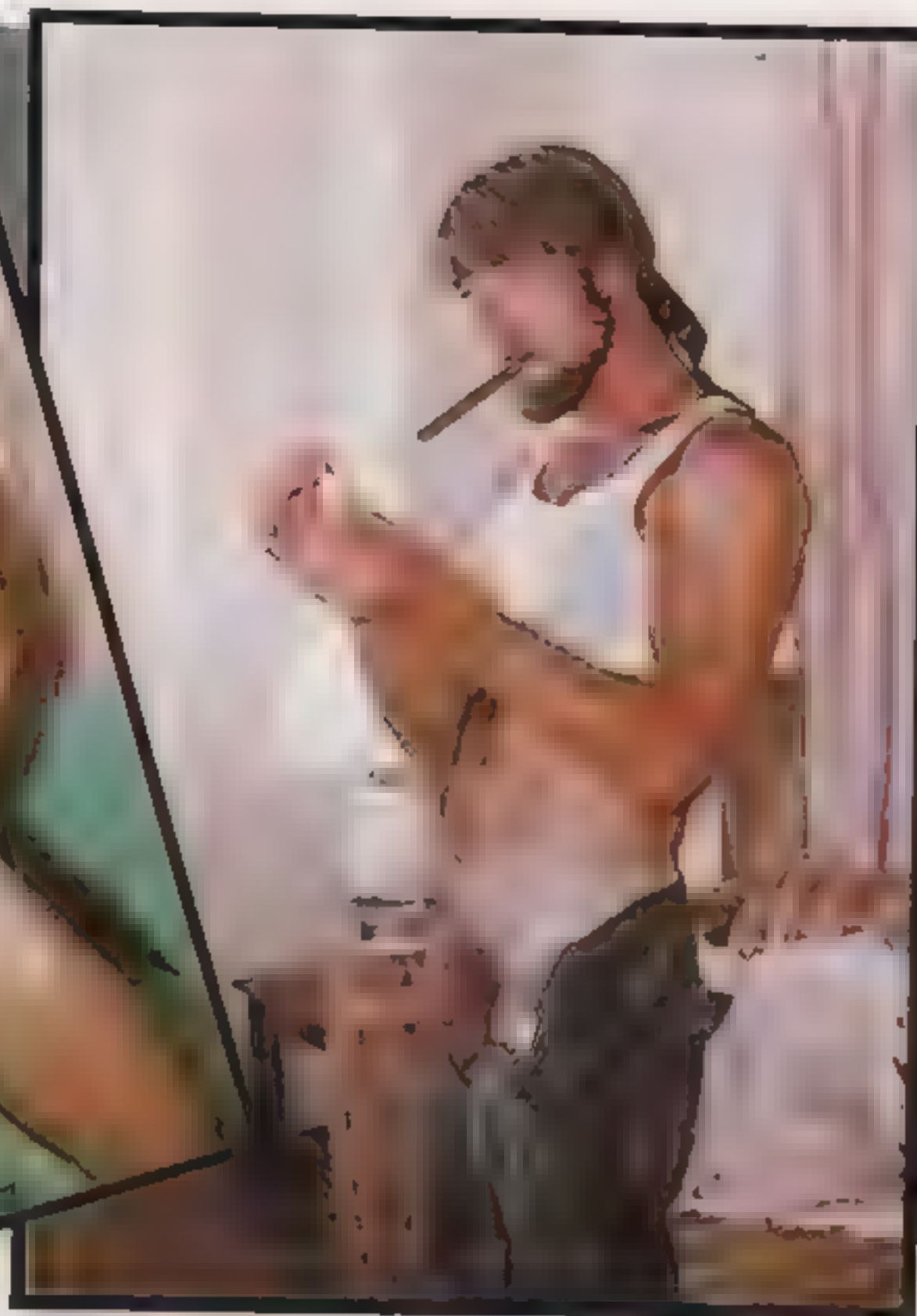
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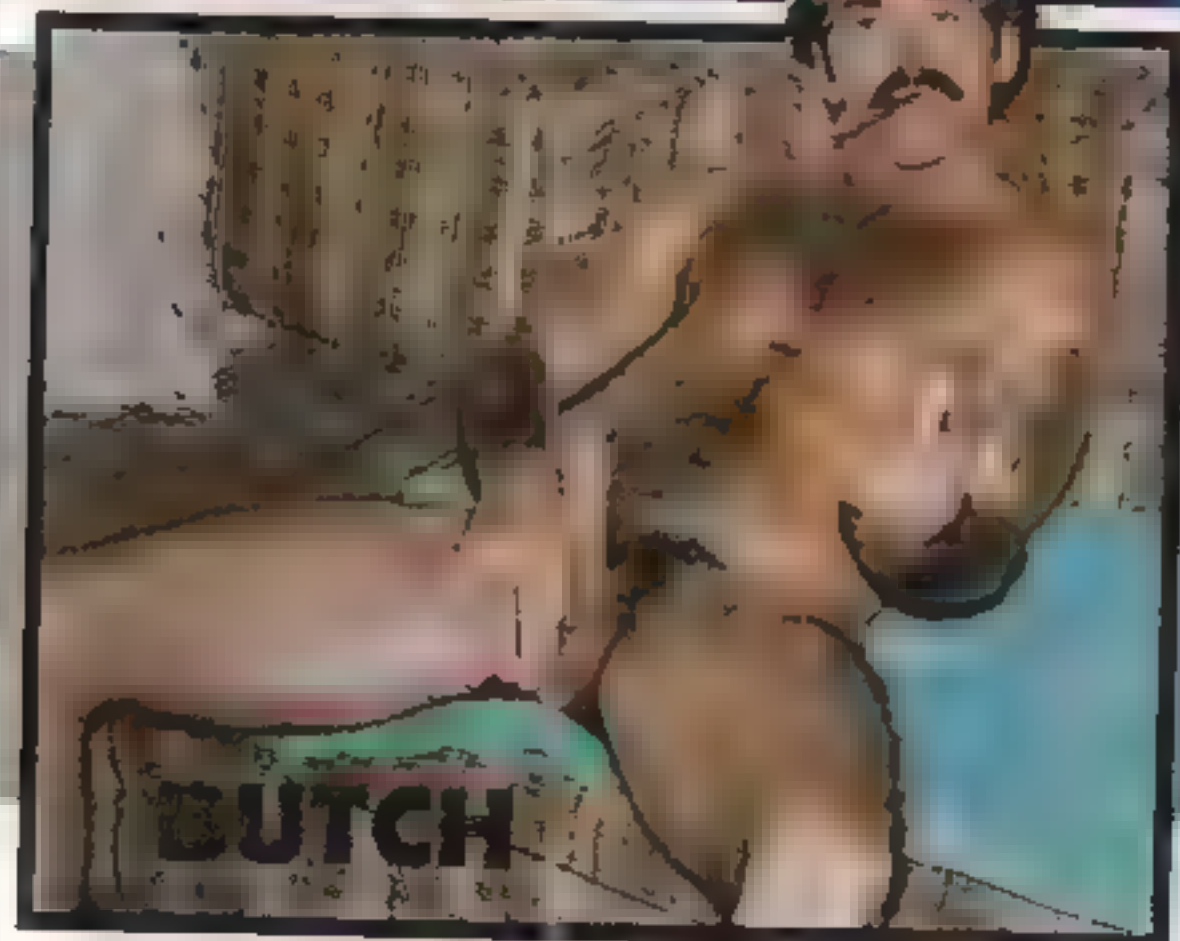
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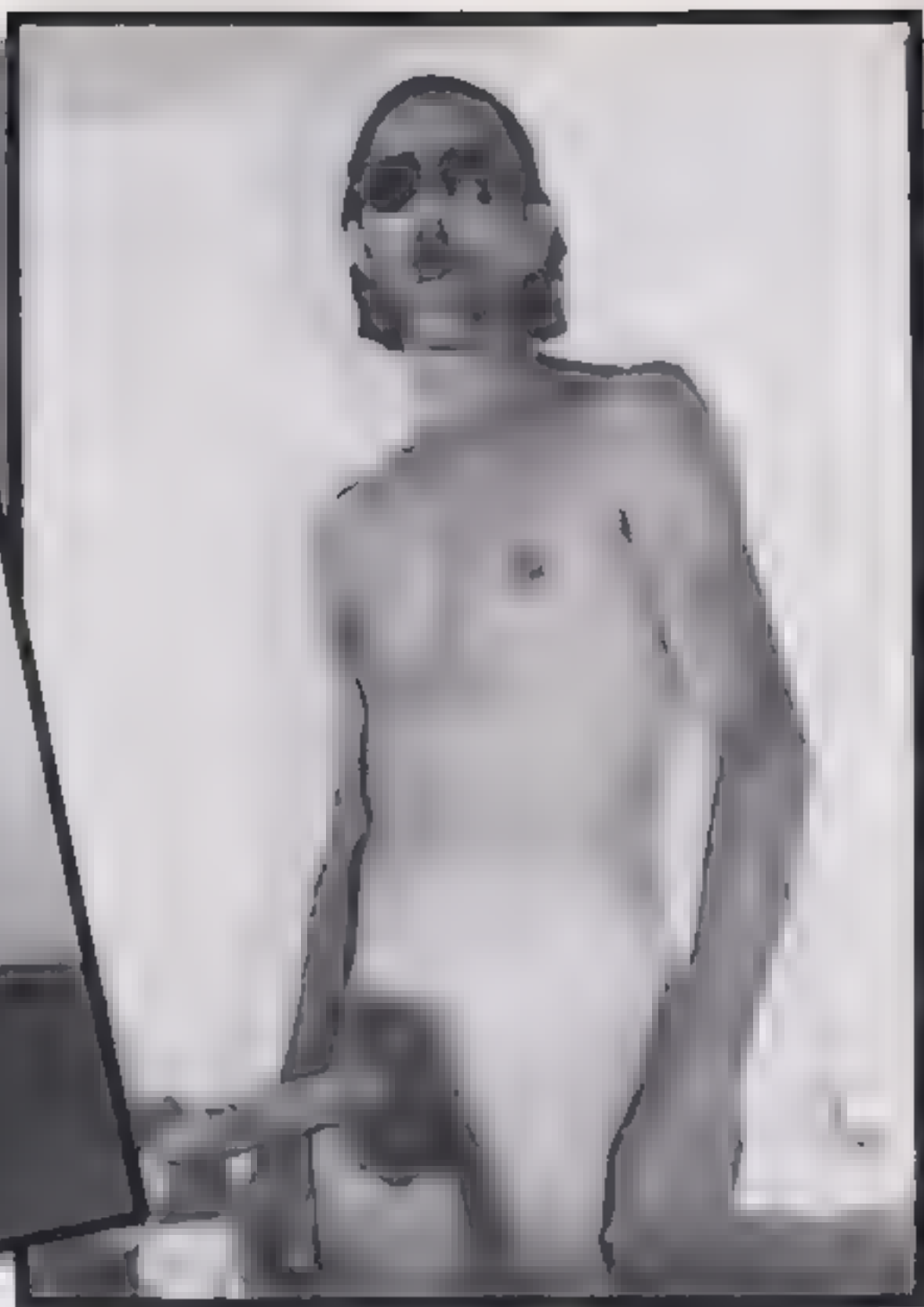
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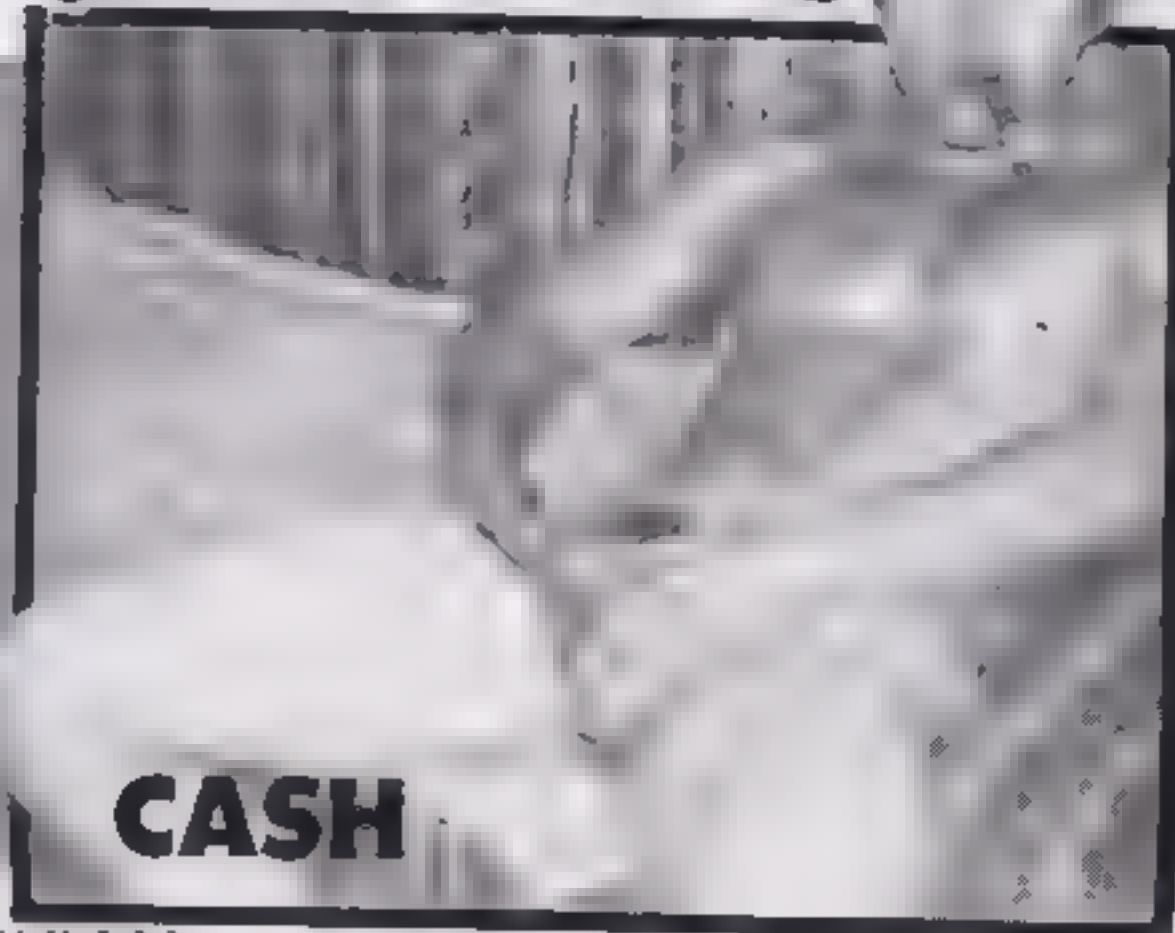




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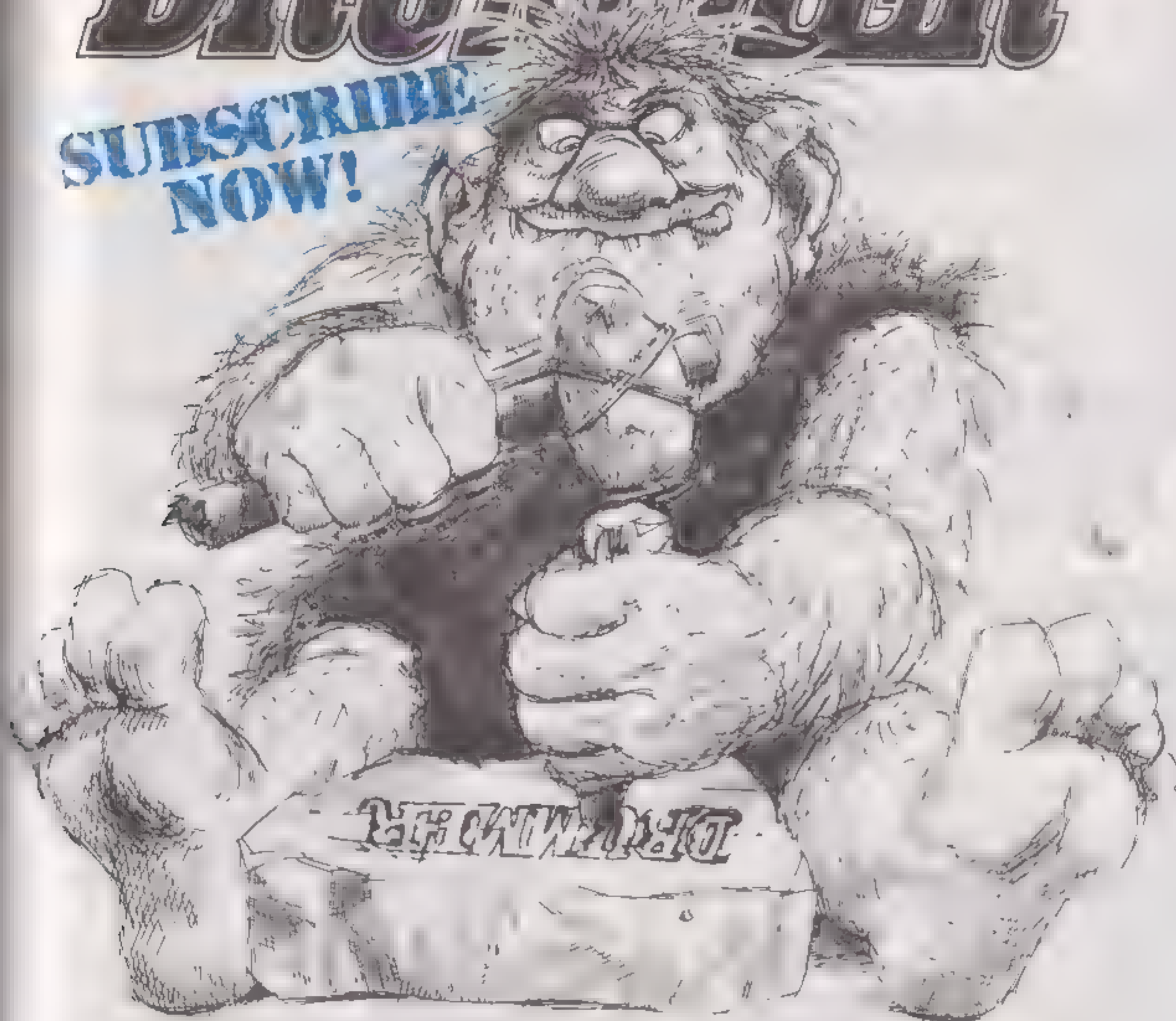
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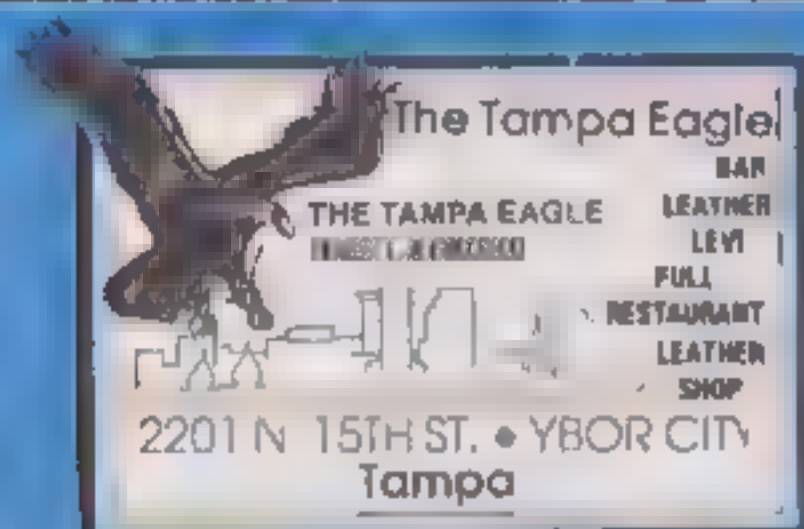
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Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be let us know about that, too. —Fiedermaus



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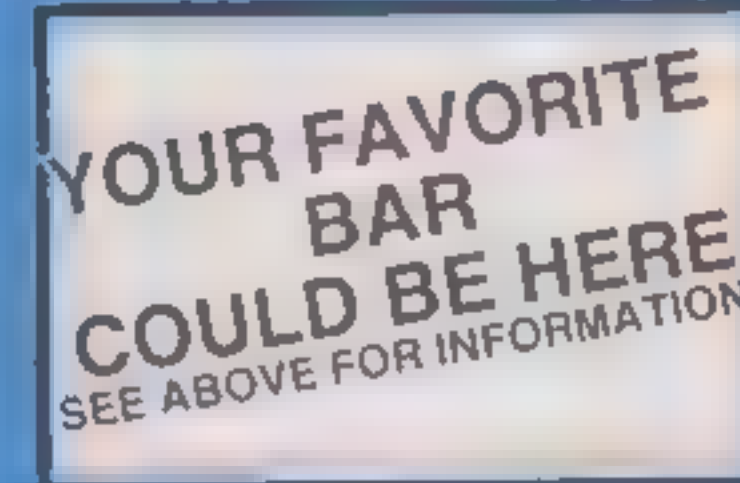
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- Disciples of de Sade S/M**
12 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90016
- Dreizehn S/M**
PO Box 484
Boston, MA 02117
- Eagle MC**
1311 Liddy Ave
West Palm Beach, FL 33316
- Empire City MC**
PO Box 254
New York, NY 10011
- Entre Nous MC**
PO Box 2100
Boston, MA 02118
- E.N.G.M.A. FN**
4 N. 1st
Tulsa, OK 74104
- The Eulenspiegel Society**
Minist. 2nd fl.
PO Box 2783
New York, NY 10017
- Falconer MC**
PO Box 138
New York, NY 10014
- Falconer MC**
PO Box 138
Kansas City, MO 64114
- Fall Festival Association, Miami Chapter (F)**
PO Box 504
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
- FFA, Tampa Bay**
PO Box 1000
Tampa, FL 33604
- FFA, Washington DC (F)**
PO Box 1000
Washington, DC 20004
- Falconer MC**
PO Box 138
Montreal, P.Q.
H3C 2V5 Canada
- The SS Association S/M**
PO Box 421-12
New York, NY 10011
- Firefighters LCC**
1411 Westwood
Dallas, TX 75214
- *Firefighters LCC**
5214 Westwood
Dallas, TX 75214
- The Foot Fraternity FN**
PO Box 1000
New York, NY 10011
- Footmen**
PO Box 1000
New York, NY 10011
- Gateway MC**
PO Box 400
St. Louis, MO 63178
- Gladiator MC**
PO Box 194
Toluca Lake, CA 91616
- GMSMA S/M**
Mail: 132 West 24th St
New York, NY 10011
- Gaucho MC**
12 98 W. Obispo St
Tampa, FL 33604
- Golden Gate Wrestling Club (F)**
65 Whitney St
San Francisco, CA 94114
- Golden State Gay Rodeo Association, Inc. (A)**
PO Box 90111
Long Beach, CA 90809
- Griffins MC**
214 N. Market
Wilmington, DE
- Gryphons**
PO Box 48 Mid City Sta
Dayton, OH 45402

LEATHER BULLETIN

NAME THE NEW LAND

The Rocky Mountaineers MC proudly announced the purchase of 41.3 acres of mountain property near Fairplay, Colorado the culmination of an eight-year fund raising effort. The Club paid \$30,140 for the land, including closing costs and fees. The land is owned by the Rocky Mountaineers free and clear of any mortgage. The 17th annual Golden Fleece Run was held over the July 4th weekend at the new site. Initial efforts to acquire property began eight years ago, when it was felt that sooner or later the National Forestry Service would refuse to allow the Golden Fleece Run to be held on Forest Service property. Due to the success of the eight-year fundraising effort, that will no longer be a problem! A

"Name the Land" contest has been established, which will result in the naming of the new land during the Club's 20th Anniversary in October. Inquiries concerning the Club's new property should be directed to RMMC, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201, or by calling Club President Gregg Looker at (313) 399-6361.

THE PATH TO VICTORY

With the Olympics finally winding down and our own new Mr. Drummer (Gregg Zehel, emerging victorious and winning his own gold medal, we at Drummer thought the time had come to take a deep breath and recover from the contest season. However across the country the march along the path to victory never really ends. Several of the major leather titles will be awarded during the winter months. Three contest organizers are gearing up now to ensure their success.

Mr. Leather New York

On November 12, Metropolis will choose its next SuperLeatherman at the 5th Mr. Leather New York contest, to be held at Tracks (531 W. 19th) beginning at 8 PM. All proceeds from the event will benefit the AIDS Resource Center. Again this year each contestant will dramatize his own erotic fantasy for the audience. The first Mr. New York Leather, Henry Romanowski, will be producing the event, for which the array of judges presently includes Zeus Mogul Mikal Bales, Drummer publisher Tony DeBlase, a representative from the Chicago Hellfire

Club, Dom Orejudos (the artist Etienne), and International Mr. Leather '88, Michael Perevra.

A special appearance by the new Mr. Drummer Ron Zehel, is scheduled and as you can see from this photo (the first of many we'll be bringing you of handsome Ron) any appearance by Ron is sure to be special. For more information regarding tickets, raffles or how to enter the Mr. New York Leather contest, contact AIDS Resource Center, 24 West 30th Street, New York, 10001, or call (212) 481-1270.



Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather

The Centaur MC will host Leather Weekend 1989 and the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Contest over the weekend of January 13-15 in Washington, DC. This will be the fifth anniversary for the contest, which has become the biggest gathering of leathermen on the East Coast famous for good fellowship, Leather Cocktails, and one of the most hotly contested and prestigious leather titles. For MAL V (V for five, V for the Path to Victory), past winners of the title are being enlisted as judges. These include Jeff Vertis, Louis Bothwell, Michel Rousse and Mitch Davis, who will be joined by Tommy Leago, Mike Murray, Vern Stewart, Patrick Toner and others.

BOARD

Anyone wishing to compete for MAL V should contact Contest Coordinator Al Mantora at (717) 236-9271 or by writing PO Box 912, Harrisburg, PA 17108-0912. To register to attend Leather Weekend '89, contact Registration Chairman John Rocco at (703) 461-0967 or by writing 2210 N. Pickett Street, #T-2, Alexandria, VA 22304-1065.

International Ms Leather

It's hard to believe that International Ms Leather '88, Shan Carr, has already reigned for six months, and that efforts to select her successor are already underway. The third International Ms Leather will be chosen in San Francisco in March 25, 1989.

The current board of directors are seeking to make this next contest a truly national and international event and are attempting to establish preliminary contests across the country and abroad, with the result being a group of finalists having a wide geographical range. In addition, the board is also seeking nominations for the panel of judges for the San Francisco finals. If your organization is interested in sponsoring an IMSL regional contestant or if you would like to nominate your favorite leatherwoman as a judge for the finals, please contact International Ms

Leather, Inc., PO Box 460504, San Francisco, CA 94146, or phone board President Sky Renfro at (415) 863-1386.

SONS OF APOLLO MC HANG UP THEIR HELMETS

June 25 marked the final bar night of The Sons of Apollo Motorcycle Club. After 14 years this group of Arizona leathermen has decided to disband. They have been instrumental in the development of the Arizona leather scene and they will be missed.

SMOKE GOT IN THEIR EYES

Hot time, summer in the city, and more than 75 cigar studs got dirty and gritty during the mid-summer heat wave in New York City. Hot Ash, the club for real men who smoke cigars celebrated its first dungeon party at the Cellblock 28 on August 10th. We're told that over half of those in attendance were cigar smokers, some of whom are pictured here as they tried to set the night on fire. Hot Ash thanks Lenny of Cellblock 28 for the use of his clubhouse and encourages all stogie enthusiasts to write for more information. Hot Ash, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, New York City, NY 10011.



CSA (Golden Showers Association) (FL)
132 W. 24th St. Box 112-DMS
New York, NY 10011

Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Harley Strikers MC (FN)
Harley Davidson Owners
Rt. 1
Box 16706
Portland, OR 97206

Hartford Colts MC
Rise Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06111

Hearts of the West MC
Box 14
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674

Hijos del Sol
1114 Truman St.
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (N)
Ashes
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011

Houston MC
Box 1111
122 Westmore Rd.
Houston, TX 77001

Illustrated Men (FL)
Box 209
Alhambra, CA 91810

Inn Men
428 Riverside Dr.
New York, NY 10014

International Mr. Leather, Inc.
325 N. Clark St.
Chicago, IL 60610

International Ms Leather, Inc.
PO Box 146304
San Francisco, CA 94114
International Rowmasters
Box 111
New York, NY 10011

Iron Cross MC
Box 111
Middletown, NJ 07940

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014

Iron Tigers MC (FN)
Harley Davidson Owners
10000 N. Hollywood Blvd.
California Chapter
Box 111
B. Park, CA 91111

Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Box 111
1406 E. Br. II
Phoenix, AZ 85006

Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Ohio Chapter
PO Box 57
Worthington, OH 43085

It's Your Time
Box 111
Tucson, AZ 85702

Joint Venture (FN)
Prisoner Contacts
PO Box 26 8680
Chicago, IL 60626

Kansas City Pioneers
PO Box 21025
Kansas City, MO 64114

Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Knights O Orleans
PO Box 5082
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 10601
Minneapolis, MN 55458

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
Box 111
Sacramento, CA 95814

Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80209

Knights of Malta MC
PO Box 7721
Reno, NV 89502

Knights of Malta MC
Cavalier Chapter
PO Box 8375
Portland, OR 97205

Knights of Malta MC
Jedi Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111

Knights of the Second Liberty
Box 111
2226 Victory Blvd. #137
N. Hollywood, CA 91606

Knights Templar (SM)
PO Box 1458
San Francisco, CA 94114

Knights Wrestling Club (FL)
PO Box 161
Jackson Heights, NY 11375

Lake Ontario Leather Association
PO Box 465MPLD
Niagara Falls, NY 14302

Lashmen (FN)
Box 111
PO Box 51475
New Orleans, LA 70151

Lashmen (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
494A Hudson St. 1114
New York, NY 10014

The Leather Guild (FL)
c/o Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94111

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054

The Leather Fraternity (FN)
Desmodus, Inc.
PO Box 11114
San Francisco, CA 94111

The Leathermen
PO Box 8545
Atlanta, GA 30306

Der Ledermeister (SM)
1172 W. Onondaga St.
Syracuse, NY 13204

Lion Regiment
PO Box 44121
Boise, ID 83711

LL Strikers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 811
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

SM 'W
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

OCTOBER

- 31 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball II—NLA; BC, Celebrities, Vancouver

NOVEMBER

- 2 •Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle
•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
•Party—SM Gays; The Block, London, England
4-6 •Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas
•Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC, Roermond, The Netherlands
9 •Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather AIDS Benefit—Thunderbolts MC; Westport, CT
9 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA
•S/M & the Gay Community—GMSMA; NYC
11-13 •ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf
11 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC
12 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco
•Mr. Leather New York Contest—Tracks, NYC
•12th Anniv.—Companions; Philadelphia
16 •Gay Men S. M. Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
•Rubber—SM Gays; London, England
19 •Jail House Party—The 15; SF
24-27 •Arizona Brotherhood Run—Arizona Brotherhood Committee
25-26 •Quake 88—Knights Templar; San Francisco

DECEMBER

- 3 •Christmas Party—Thunderbolts MC; Brook Cafe, Westport, Ct

- 7 •Dungeon Night at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC
•Program—NLA; Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA
•Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque
9-11 •Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremberg
10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco
•Christmas Party—Batalion MC, Dallas
11 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC, Denver
•Christmas Dinner—MC Men of New Mexico; Albuquerque
14 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA
•Holiday Social at Paddles—GMSMA; NYC
16 •Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC
17 •Christmas Party—City Bikers, Denver
•Christmas Party—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix

JANUARY

- 11 •Bondage Fashion Show—GMSMA; NYC
14-15 •Leather Weekend 1989 & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Centaur MC; Washington, DC
13 •Tit Torture Workshop—GMSMA; NYC
15 •8th Anniv. Dinner—GMSMA; NYC
25 •S/M Novices—GMSMA; NYC

MARCH

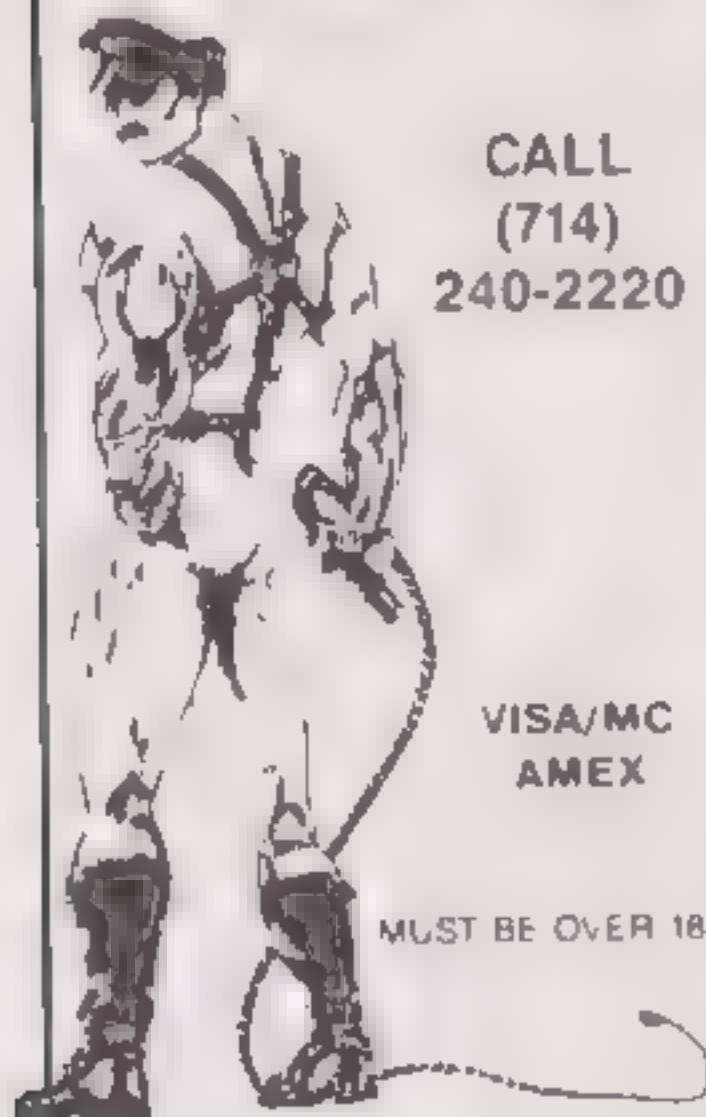
- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—SF

PETER'S PHONE ACTION

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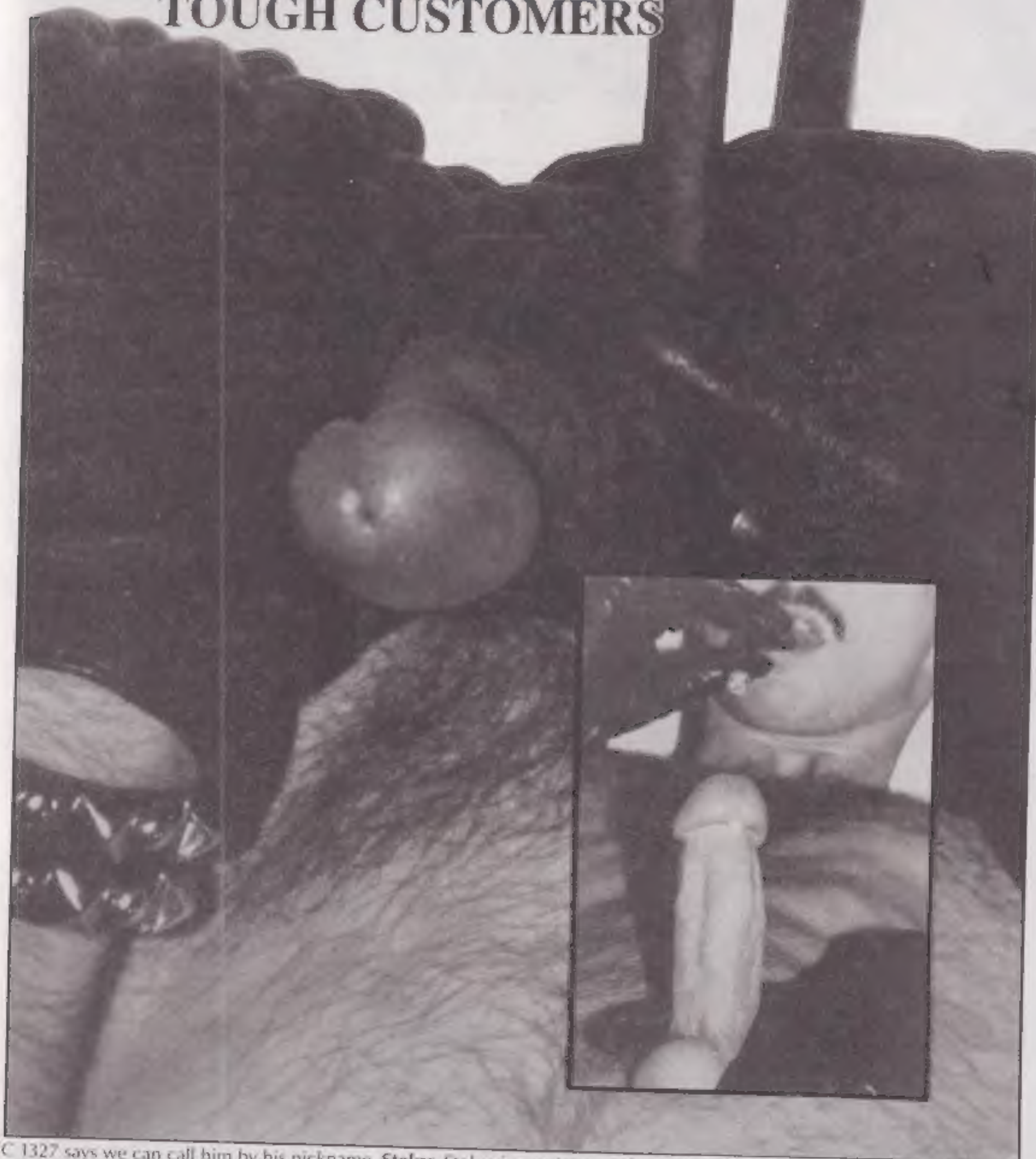
SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE
by Aaron Travis
Illustrated by Caveiro \$9.95



THE BRIG
by Mason Powe \$8.95



PERFECTO!
DRUMMER'S SPECIAL SELECTION FROM THE
CIGAR
TOUGH CUSTOMERS



TC 1327 says we can call him by his nickname, **Stoker**. Stoker is a serious smoker and stoker who has set aside a special Havana especially to celebrate publication of this issue of *Drummer*. To contact Stoker (and find out exactly where he has been keeping that special Havana), write TC 1327.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



Photographs of this **Montreal leather daddy** (6'2", 190 lbs.) arrived too late to be included among our Til TC's (Issue 121). "My tits are my life!" he claims. He has other interests as well, including training guys in bondage, discipline and SM. He seems to have one of the world's most awesome collections of body jewelry. Talk to us, Harry Winston, tell us about it! Write TC 1327.



The **Ohio TC** pictured here obviously enjoys the open air—as well as group therapy with several leather daddies (35-50) at one time, as long as they can get down and dirty and fly by the seat of his pants! Contact TC 1326.

This **versatile, energetic TC** likes to play safe games on his own turf with men 40 and under, bearded and hairy (but not heavy!). He likes leather and toys (How convenient!), and do note the size of his own toy! Send your photos and detailed letters to TC 1325.



Cumming Up in Drummer

For those unfortunate folks out there who missed the 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals, as well as for those who DID attend and had the time of their leather lives, **Drummer 123** will contain the most comprehensive coverage EVER of a Mr. Drummer contest. PLUS the Folsom Street Fair and other exciting events that made San Francisco's first Leather Pride Weekend such a whacking success! And for all you assmen and cockhounds! From the camera of official Mr. Drummer photographer Drew Nicholas, **Issue 124** will feature a steamy and revealing look behind the sweaty jockstrap and underneath the wellworn leathers of the new Mr. Drummer, RON ZEHEL of Columbus, Ohio. Find out why they call the Midwest the *hardland of America*!



THROUGHOUT THE CUMMING YEAR . . .

DRUMMER will share with you intensely erotic portraits of all the 1988 Mr. Drummer finalists, just as soon as they (the pictures, not—alas—the finalists) can be pried out of the fists of our inquisitive and horny staff! (Well, there have to be *some* perks around here!)



DRIFTER



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